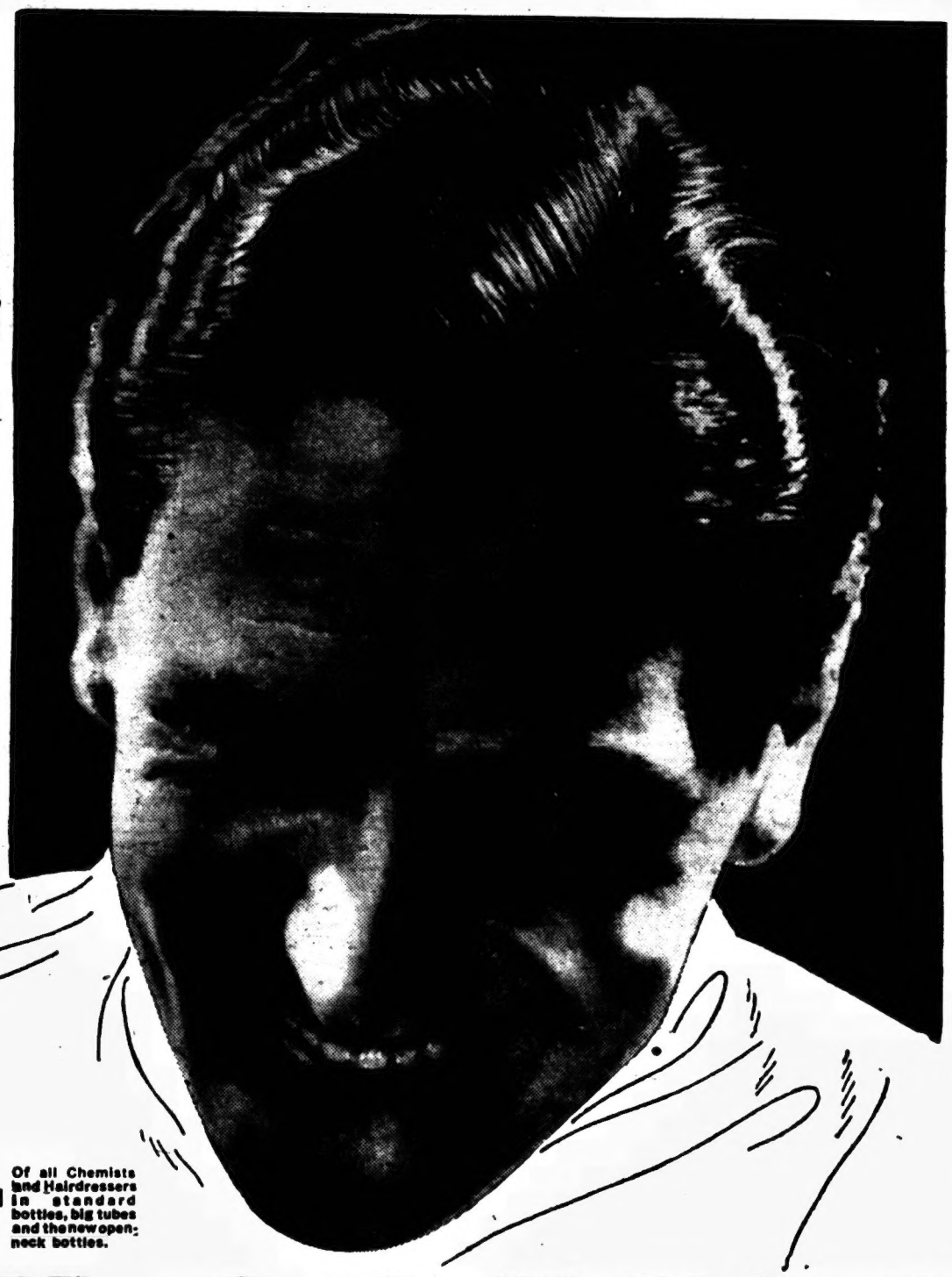
JOHN BULL, JULY 4, 1936

TWOPENCE.
Vol. LX.
1568.

LAST DAYS TO WIN WORLD CRUISE, £1,000 AND LIFE PENSION SEE PAGES 38 & 39

JOHN BULL

ANOTHER BRIGHT FELLOW HAS CHANGED TO BRYLCREEM



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J.B. 4/7/36

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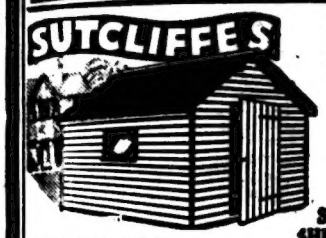

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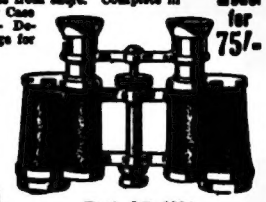

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MASSACRE in the Factory

DON'T think the terrible story of industrial accidents makes dull reading. It is written in lost lives, maimed lives, human misery.

Watch out for an ever blacker chapter that will be published shortly in the shape of the Chief Inspector of Factories' Report for 1935!

His official figures will show that in spite of all the recent Home Office blah about "Safety First" precautions, there has actually been an increase on the accident toll of 1934.

That year was bad enough, in all conscience, with its record of 136,858 involved in accidents and 785 killed—one-third as many dead as the Italians lost in white troops in the whole of the Abyssinian War!

Who is to blame? Primarily Mr. Baldwin. As Prime Minister it is his responsibility, and he has constantly promised us a new Factories Act. But it has never materialised, and until it does the blood of many a needlessly killed or maimed worker will be on Mr. Baldwin's head.

The present Act dates from 1901, but industrial conditions have changed enormously since then, and the existing provisions are hopelessly out of date. And, as the T.U.C. pointed out in a recent memorandum to the Home Office, it is almost impossible to frame proper anti-accident regulations under the old legislation.

★ ★
★

There are 246,000 factories and workshops in Britain, and there is a total of only 245 factory inspectors.

There is one London area, a dense mass of slumlike factories, over a hundred in the square mile, and most of them engaged in dangerous processes, where one inspector must cover the lot. He gets round about once every six months.

Unkept promises are cold comfort to the maimed worker

A young London chemical engineer recently wrote to John Bull:

"Send your investigator to this factory and I will show him ten flagrant breaches of the safety regulations in ten yards. We are always having accidents. When the inspector puts in one of his rare appearances changes are promised but seldom carried out. Changes would cost money and we are insured against accidents. They cost the firm nothing except the group premium."

The inspector's powers are curbed all the time by the looseness and complexity of the Factories Act. Although the Chief Inspector gets nearly 5,000 separate items of "information" from workmen each year, it is very difficult to bring a guilty owner to book.

Recently an inspector appealed to the King's Bench. He had charged a factory owner with not fencing properly a revolving shaft which had killed a boy. Magistrates dismissed the inspector's information. But the King's Bench upheld him.

Lord Hewart, the Lord Chief Justice, described it as a "really shocking case," and severely criticised the magistrates.

But these appeals by factories inspectors against lay magistrates' decisions are always taking place. They have to fight all the way to get a conviction, chiefly because of the complexity and the loopholes in the old Act.

★ ★
★

Everybody on the Government side admits the necessity for a new measure. Sir John Simon, last February, promised it. But where is it? There are no signs of it, no hint of a first reading. It sounds suspiciously like Mr. Baldwin's similar promises of the last eight years.

Just as bad as the Government's attitude towards measures to minimise industrial accidents is its record regarding workmen's compensation.

The essential rottenness of the existing legislation on this matter is also generally admitted. The Home Office has just appointed a Committee presided over by Judge Stewart to go into certain angles of the Compensation Act. But its terms of reference are limited.

The Committee is only dealing with such matters as the payment of lump sums to injured workmen and the extent and nature of their after-treatment. It is a time-wasting device. What is needed is a more comprehensive enquiry aiming at an entire overhaul of the Act.

Originally it provided a simple medium through which an injured man could be guaranteed a reasonable sum during his incapacity. But the simplicity has long departed Last year nearly 6,000 cases had to be taken to court by injured men before they could get compensation. Seven had to go to the House of Lords.

The 30s. a week maximum award, which is what the old Act gives, is now manifestly ridiculous in view of the higher cost of living.

The old idea was that the injured man should have approximately half his pay while ill. Though why it should be expected that a man's living expenses should drop when he cannot work is difficult to fathom.

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Worst evils of the present Act can be traced, however, to the insurance companies, who exploit it.

Many or most firms are insured against accidents to their employees, and about £6,000,000 is paid out each year in claims and costs to injured workmen. But the insurance companies do very well. The Holman Gregory Report and others show that during the past ten years the insurance companies collected 43 per cent. of the premiums as profit and management expenses.

Compensation and all legal and medical expenses have to come out of the remaining 57 per cent.

If the injured man is lucky enough to work for an insured firm he finds himself up against an array of medical and legal skill bent on cutting down his claims to the barest minimum.

The companies have no concern with the man except to get him paid off as cheaply as possible. And they have no concern with lessening the number of accidents. They offer the employer little or no inducement to instal safety measures.

It is all a vicious circle which has no counterpart in other countries.

In Scandinavia and Canada all compensation is made through a State Insurance Fund, to which every employer of labour must contribute. That is the system we want here. It puts a premium on good conduct by the employer and gives a square deal to the workman.

We shall await the Report of Judge Stewart's Committee with interest, but with no great hopes that any far-reaching proposals for the improvement of the tangle will be suggested.

But we are *not* inclined to wait much longer for the new and much-promised Factories Act, with all the improved safety measures which it means.

We demand that, Mr. Baldwin, not next year or sometime—but *now*.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

Picture Politics: We Warn the Film Censor

LORD TYRRELL, who as Film Censor decides more than any other man what twenty million regular filmgoers shall see, issues a surprising warning against the tendency for politics to intrude upon our kinema screens.

He says this may be illegal, as no film must be exhibited which is likely to lead to disorder!

We wonder what exactly is behind Lord Tyrrell's warning?

Waking up late

We are puzzled, too, as to why it should be necessary at this late stage in the development of the propaganda picture, because, as everyone knows, it has for long had its place on the screen.

There was, for instance, Mr. Baldwin's famous "Trust me!" talkie at the last General Election; the impressive naval display pictures shown about the same time with the commentary advocating rearmament; and, more recently, the horrifics of Mr. Duff-Cooper, the War Minister.

Indeed, such propaganda has gone on ever since the talkies began. But it has always been noticeably one-sided and no previous Film Censor has ever regarded it as an objectionable tendency for politics to intrude upon the films.

Why the alarm?

How comes it, then, that Lord Tyrrell is so suddenly alarmed? He does not explain, so it is left for us to conjecture.

Is it anything to do with the fact that no fewer than 500 kinemas are now presenting the "Peace" film?

Anything to do with the production of a number of national reconstruction pictures, with what might be called a progressive bias, which are now being presented by private film societies?

If so, we warn Lord Tyrrell that the public will not welcome any attempt to stop the showing of political films just because "the other side of the picture" is now being shown.

Both sides, please!

There is no reason why talkies should not be educational as well as entertaining; no reason why leaders of all Parties should not be heard; why important national issues should not be presented on the screen as much as anywhere else.

But, in the process, let us have British fair play and hear and see both sides.

Grim

Numerous education authorities have expressed appreciation of our exposures of death-trap and badly situated schools. Two which prefer to be obstinate are those of the West Riding and of Liverpool.

The first is to build a new senior school two miles away from the pupils' homes and close to a colliery muck-stack.

The other has passed plans for an up-to-date school which will be separated by railings from a cemetery and be only forty yards from a crematorium.

Practical joking could not go farther. The Board of Education must not countenance these grim proposals.

Optical illusion

Once again the opticians are shouting a warning against the increasing sale of cheap spectacles. The menace has never been in doubt. The damage being done is immense and already the eyesight of hundreds of thousands of people has been ruined.

But what the opticians omit to tell is the cause of poor persons buying these harmful things. It is that the trade is insisting on obtaining unconscionable profits on the sale of proper lenses which now cost but a trifling amount to manufacture.

People are driven to buy inferior glasses.

Danger homes

Middlesbrough Corporation has been discussing the alarming prevalence of rheumatism among tenants of newly built council houses, which doctors ascribe to dampness of the dwellings.

The experience of Middlesbrough is not exceptional. Indeed, it is common all over the country.

An obvious remedy is that the houses

A Crazy Munitions Trade

Spectre in the Council House

All he should censor is one-sided propaganda

should not be occupied for at least a month after completion but kept warmed during that time. When this idea was presented to the Middlesbrough Council, however, an official asked the members to realise what the loss in rents would be.

Then the council dropped the matter like a hot brick. Money was a sterner consideration than health.

The Ministry of Health is well aware that this is a national peril, but it remains blind.

Reproach

Distressing as was the drowning of seventeen-year-old Joseph Moore while bathing at Wallasey, infinitely more so is the fact that fifty young men and women watched the tragedy from an embankment without making an effort to avert it.

They were aware the boy was drowning. The cries for help were loud and anguished.

Any six of the men by forming a chain could have saved the lad without any more inconvenience than the wetting of their trousers legs. But no one stirred.

We prefer to do no more than record the mournful facts.

Fruit prices

British fruit distributors have to answer a serious charge by Colonial growers.

It is that firms and individuals handling their fruit in this country are engaged in fraudulent practices, such as returning to the growers different amounts from what the fruit actually fetches.

Unsuspected by the trade here, the Premier of Tasmania and his Minister of Health came to this country and began an investigation.

They demand nothing less than an audit of the books of firms which have been handling overseas fruit supplies and the open publication of the names of those who refuse to submit to this test.

Rome's revenge

Italy is to make reprisals on Britain by dumping here goods and material accumulated during sanctions.

A beginning is to be made with marble, and offers to supply it at absurdly cheap rates are already pouring in. Monumental masons and other stone and quarry workers are being told by their employers that it may be necessary to reduce wages because of Mussolini's vengeance.

All kinds of raw mate[illegible] modities are to be sent into Britain at ridiculous prices.

The Board of Trade can remove this threat in twenty-four hours if the Cabinet has the will.

Politics in sport

Sinister reports are coming to us about new political activity in the football world.

When the next Soccer season opens, Russia will seek to send a touring eleven here and ask a date for a representative international game.

Already the underground propagandists are working to have permission refused. They are disguising their real political motives by declaring that Russian football is too low grade for British consideration.

An answer

This is not only an evil but a fantastic assertion. Mr. R. W. Thomson, the famous international full-back and now manager of the Arsenal club of France, provides us with an effective answer.

He has been watching the Moscow XI and says he has been amazed at the quality of their play.

Soccer is now the national game of Russia, and Thomson describes it as "beautiful football of the finest British type."

The political schemers in sport deserve short shrift.

Watch them!

While Sir Samuel Hoare is bemoaning the slowness with which manufacturers are producing the new armaments, the Government is doing one or two strange things.

British aircraft manufacturers are being encouraged to export as many machines as they can to foreign customers, including fighting planes.

And while British statesmen are backing the Turkish appeal for the refortification of the Dardanelles, a Turkish business mission is in this country arranging to buy the steel that will be required!

Naked facts

More than £1,000,000 of orders for foreign navies are to be accepted for British yards this year.

Another £1,000,000 worth of explosives and similar war material will be exported in the next few months.

Before the end of 1936 the aeroplane exports will top £2,000,000.

If the defence of the nation is so weak as scaremongering Ministers would have us believe, all this material ought to stay at home.

It exposes the ramp of piling up private profits by spreading fear and deception.

Conscription plot

There is no doubt that several employers' organisations have secretly devised means to help on the movement to foist conscription on the country by giving young men the choice either of joining the Army or forfeiting unemployment benefit.

They see an opportunity of artificially reducing the unemployment figures.

One set of employers is inserting the thin edge of the wedge by dismissing men who refuse to join the Territorial Army, although there is no complaint against them as workers.

Legal considerations are involved which may quickly stop this victimisation.

Patriots!

Other groups of employers are acting differently, although as contemptibly.

Their policy is to find excuses to dispense with men who are Territorials and whose annual training demands their absence from work.

If these youths prefer to be martial, say the employers in effect, let them find their way into the Regular Army after tasting a spell of idleness. By depriving the Forces of men in this heinous manner, the conspirators hope to—and do—bring conscription a stage nearer.

The unwanted

The greatest farce of the unemployment regulations is that men who were disabled in the war should have to line up at the employment exchange to register for non-existent jobs.

Not one in ten thousand of them ever gets a vacancy when it arises. Always they are passed over because a multitude of able-bodied men is available.

Eight thousand broken war victims in Manchester for whom there is no place in industry have organised themselves to give their fellows in the rest of the country a lead to obtain a basic standard of payment not less than the wage of a casual labourer.

Not too soon or not too excessive.

Olympiad muddle

After it had been decided, against tremendous opposition, that British athletes should participate in the German Olympiad, it might have been thought that at least everything possible would be done to ensure our men a winning chance.

The British teams, it can be predicted, will suffer many nasty jolts.

This is because the opposition has been treated far too lightly.

Scouts have not even been sent to watch the progress and merits of the competitors from other countries—an elementary precaution in the training of Olympic challengers.

Reward?

Harry Hill, a thirty-year-old motor driver, of Rackham Street, N., applied again and again without success for a job at a London wharf.

From morning to night he remained near the premises of the firm which had rejected him, waiting for a chance.

A few days ago he was there when the company's timber yard caught fire. Hill climbed a high gate and drove out from the flames a brand new lorry worth hundreds of pounds.

We still await the news that he has been rewarded with work.

League of Mercy

Under the heading "A Heartless League of Mercy," we recently criticised a charity called the Christian Volunteer Force, of Glasgow.

It has been pointed out that the headline might lead some people to suppose that the article applied to the well-known and, as far as we are aware, the only organisation called the League of Mercy, and we hasten to remove this impression.

The League of Mercy, of course, was founded by Royal Charter in 1899, and its excellent work on behalf of hospitals etc., is widely known

John Drinkwater's Intimate Diary . . . . .

The King this Week

His New Honour for Women

Her Majesty . . . the first recipient of the new honour for women

THE King's Birthday Honours list, while it necessarily is largely departmental in character, has several points of more general interest. The most notable is the break with tradition, effected personally by the King, in admitting women to the Royal Victorian Order for the first time since its institution in 1896.

In the present list the principle only is established, since Queen Mary, who becomes Dame Grand Cross of the Order, is the only as well as the first recipient under the new provision.

This Order, however, is the Sovereign's particular concern, and the King has taken the first step with a view to future honours for women who have rendered special service to the throne.

Lord Dawson of Penn's elevation to a Viscountcy is also at His Majesty's own wish, as also is the C.B.E. conferred upon Miss M. L. Alcock, Secretary to the Private Secretary of the King. In considering his first Honours list, the King has been careful to see that all ranks of his service should be remembered.

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THE Queen's name at the head of the Honours list had more than State significance. It marked also a filial devotion that has never failed in consideration through the difficult and crowded days since King George's death.

For twenty-five years the Queen has been personally responsible for the decorations at Buckingham Palace. Each year before the Court left London in the summer, her orders were given for the work that was to be done during its absence. And, now, she suggested, these arrangements might be left to others.

The King would not hear of it. In making his plans for going into residence at the Palace he has insisted on being guided by her taste and experience.

Together they have gone through all the rooms, choosing colour-schemes, arranging furniture, discussing the new order of things that will bear the stamp of the Queen's mind still. And, on the principle of turn and turn alike, the Queen is consulting the King on the arrangement of her collections at Marlborough House.

☆ ☆

I HAD the good fortune to see the Trooping the Colour on the King's birthday from a very advantageous point of view on the parade ground. As a spectacle it was magnificent, hardly to be matched in its kind, I suppose, anywhere in the world.

For the best part of an hour something like two thousand superbly uniformed men made patterns in movement that were infinitely lovely. The colour, too, was grandly exciting, the solid hues of the massed guards enlivened by a strangely diaphanous streak from the kilted pipers, tartan Scots and Irish green and buff.

Writing before the event, I said that His Majesty would with ease be the most impressive figure of this occasion. And, very easily, he was. As he rode on to the ground, with his Sovereign's escort and attended by all the pomp of his royal brothers, our own Army chiefs, and the foreign military attaches, the gaze of the vast crowd that filled all the near and distant spaces was fixed on him alone.

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EVERYBODY admired, but it needs some analysis to determine exactly what was so admirable. A regular soldier, daily used to the ceremony of parade, or a very expert actor, might have made such an entry with some such assured effect. But the King is neither of these. He is a man of many State affairs, who has to take this ceremonial in his stride. And he did it with no trace of effort.

A man who by nature has none of the features of a figure-head, to whom pompousness is detestable, rode as the figure of an Empire and sustained the pomp of history with an absolute mastery. Only by imagining what it would be like to try it ourselves can we realise, or begin to realise, what that achievement means.

And then, again, when the King rode along the lines to inspect his troops, I was struck, even more forcibly than some weeks ago in Hyde Park, by his consideration for the men. After all, this was his particular day, and some aloofness might have been expected. There was none of it.

Apart from a moment when he saluted as he passed behind the Colours, he never took his eyes off the lines of Guards. This, in a literal sense of the words, is presence of mind raised to the degree of genius. An American standing by me, noting it, said "Your King's a great fellow, sir!"

☆ ☆

THE enthusiastic crowd was, as usual, perfect in its behaviour. But it is to be hoped that the authorities made due note of lessons to be learnt from a very happy day.

Excellent as police control was, congestion in approaches to the parade ground was serious. It took me half an hour to get from the Haymarket to the Admiralty. Quite clearly, some radical reorganisation of traffic will have to be made for the Coronation.

An Australian friend tells me that already fifty thousand of his countrymen are planning to come over for that. Apply the figure in terms of Great Britain and the Empire, and the outlines of a very serious problem present themselves. If they realise that it is very serious, our authorities are capable of dealing with it. But more than common foresight is imperative.

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COMING away from the Trooping the Colour, I asked myself what precisely does this royal ceremonial mean?

Cynicism might see in it no more than an impressive but idle show, a survival of gestures that no longer have any vitality in our modern world. And cynicism, as always, would be wrong.

To all who saw it, to all who heard or read of it, that well-possessed figure saluting and taking the salute of a Brigade was the symbol of a race that has explored and inherited the Seven Seas. One man was Everyman. And, with due deference to Republics, Dictatorships, and fly-by-night royalties, the constitutional monarchy of which King Edward VIII is the most notable representative to-day is the one means by which that symbol can be given to a people.

Our King is a practical, matter-of-fact, not-to-be-fooled young middle-aged man of the world. Also he is, by virtue of his kingly office, the supreme figure of mysticism in our distracted modern life. That is why the King, most intimately in touch with his people, is at the same time unapproachably alone.

Apart from the King himself, the most noted persons at the Trooping were the Queen and the little Princesses at a window overlooking the parade ground. Her Majesty could be seen in the shadow of the room, standing behind her grandchildren, who leant forward to get the fullest view of everything.

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I HEAR of a charming interlude played by these three Royal generations, all the prettier when considered against that background of high State ceremony.

The Princesses were asking their "Uncle David" about the garden party presentations to be made this year. He explained the procedure, and added that they might like to try it for themselves. Delighted, they asked who they should pretend to be. Their Uncle suggested Lord Bathtub and Lady Plug, as which they forthwith went off to present themselves in due order to the Queen.

I was asked the other day who does the Prince of Wales's work now that there is no Prince of Wales.

The answer is that for the most part the King does it. That is why a double secretarial staff is still necessary, headed respectively by Lord Wigram and Sir Godfrey Thomas. And the work of the Prince's office is still very far from being a negligible addition to the King's responsibilities.

☆ ☆

I HEAR that when preparations were being made for the King's visit to Portsmouth and he was told that the programme included an inspection of the new type of motor torpedo-boat, which has only just been delivered to the Admiralty, he at once expressed a wish to take a trial spin to see its workings for himself. The programme was altered accordingly.

HERE WE GO—

NEW YORK.—". . *two hundred laughing Americans aboard . .*"

RIO DE JANEIRO (right)—"*I would have gone round the world for this alone . .*"

That greatest of Great Adventures — a Cruise Round the World—has at some time or other been everybody's dream.

Here is a vivid and enchanting article (written by a traveller just home after a 40,000-mile round trip in the liner "Franconia") which makes that dream live in print for everybody.

One of you, our readers, and your family can shortly make the same journey in reality as part of a "Bullets" prize — a family world cruise, £1,000 and a £6 weekly life pension, all for two, three or four words. . . .

AHEAD lay the dark Atlantic, and behind was England beneath a pall of heavy rain-clouds. Ahead was sunshine and romance, the gay kaleidoscope of an ever changing scene; behind, the dreary monotony of an English city that had undermined my health.

So, although the sea air was bitterly cold on that day in late December, I paced the upper deck and laughed with the wind that went whistling through the stays.

This was the adventure I had waited for all my life—the dream adventure of every one of us—and, though it might prove to be my last, I should enjoy it to the full.

My mood, I remember, changed a little as I thought of the crowds that had stood in the rain on the quayside at Southampton and cheered our departure. I had felt a little pang then, for *I* was a lonely man and there had been no one to wave good-bye to me.

I mention this little speculation of mine because it was the last time I was to think in that strain at all—or, indeed, to feel like solitary speculation.

A few moments later, when I went down to dinner, I was introduced to a party of fellow-voyagers, who invited me to their table. That began a friendship which lasted not only for the ensuing months in our 40,000-mile trip round the world, but which we intend never to drop.

The Atlantic crossing might have been an ordeal in any other liner, but our cruise-ship, the 20,000-ton Cunard White Star *Franconia*, rode smoothly through the biggest rollers. I realised that there was more than mere outward show in her curved hull and rakish lines—this was the behaviour of the true thoroughbred

With my new-found friends I explored the ship, her various decks and public rooms. The gymnasium was already in use, as was the inside swimming pool. Later, I learned, when we turned south into sunshine an open-air pool would be revealed.

And that night, when I went to bed, I realised that I was no longer lonely. On my first day out I knew I was among friends.

So to New York, where over two hundred Americans came charging aboard, laughing and exclaiming, to settle down in their cabins like experienced travellers. I might have gone ashore, but I was a sick man still and I preferred the restfulness of the ship.

Within forty-eight hours the liner was out to the open sea again, but this time her course lay south-east, down, down between the Virgin Islands and the Leeward Islands, until there was no more cloud in the sky.

The decks quickly dried white beneath the warm sun, awnings appeared as if by magic, deck-chairs were placed in the shade. The real pleasure of the cruise, this great trip that was to take us around the world, had begun.

Three days from New York I was learning to play deck-tennis. Four and I was learning to swim all over again. Five—and Port-of-Spain, Trinidad.

Spirit of fun

Once or twice I had to plead fatigue, but that was only during the first few days. My excitement at our first port of call overcame the ideas of twenty years, and I gladly embarked on a drive through the glorious Santa Cruz valley, afterwards wandering through the picturesque old town. I could not remember when I was last able to take so much exercise.

Back to the ship then, and after picking up some of the "gang" who had travelled across the country by car to see the famous Pitch Lake at La Brea, we headed south towards Brazil.

We were now approaching the Equator, and preparations began for the first of the "Crossing the Line" ceremonies. This was really a preliminary to the main event, which was arranged for our second crossing.

The spirit of fun proved infectious, and to my amazement I found myself laughing, roaring, cheering and booing in turn—and finally waiting impatiently for the time when the full ceremony would be staged.

This stage of the trip, from Trinidad to Brazil, took a week, for the distance is over 2,400 miles. Yet I was astonished to see Bahia and realise that this particular morning was already the seventh since leaving Le Brea.

Magic call

My "Programme of Events" tells me that in the course of a week I attended two kinema shows, a tournament of deck games, a swimming gala and a fancy dress dance. Those were the special events, but there were tea dances, card parties — just everything that spoilt pleasure-seekers could desire. And for once in my life I was enjoying being spoilt.

I want to pass swiftly from Bahia—merely mentioning that the Americans have built the world's oddest elevator to link the lower and upper town—because Rio de Janeiro is only two days away. And Rio would call to me now if I were twenty days away.

There's magic for me in the very name—Rio, curving seductively along Botafoga Bay, beyond the islands that guard her from the sea. As the ship entered the harbour I gazed with awe at the east side, where the richly wooded hills rise steeply from the water's edge, and then at the west, where tower the sheer heights of Sugar Loaf Mountain.

At first the buildings of Rio seemed like toy houses dropped into a great bank of flowers, so perfectly does the man-made town merge into the heaven-sent surroundings.

That very evening I set out to explore this most lovely of cities, more gay, more colourful than Madrid or Paris. And next morning I wandered along the white marble promenade that follows the curve of the bay for five miles, and studied the reflection of the mountain in the blue sea.

I think, if there had been no other fascinating places to see, I would gladly have gone around the world to visit Rio. By day it is lovely, but by night it is entrancing—all of it.

When, at last, the *Franconia* cast off and sailed away into the South Atlantic, I stood at the stern and watched Sugar Loaf Mountain sinking into the water. I felt like a man separated from something he had quickly learned to love; but as I turned to walk along the deck I heard my name called, the shout of merry laughter and the scampering of feet. And I thought, "Why, that's only the beginning."

Yes, I joined in the game with the youngsters and felt young again myself. I forgot all about the cough that had bothered me for years, and took to weighing myself with increasing satisfaction every day.

I may as well say it now as later—I went on that ship last Christmas a very sick man, and I came off a week or two ago looking and feeling strong and fit.

So we embarked on another week of merry-making. Day succeeded day, and the nights of deep slumber seemed but moments in the ceaseless round of pleasure! Everything on the ship was so perfectly organised that it was scarcely necessary to think. Relieved, therefore, of ordinary cares and concerns, I turned to reading and study as a change from exercise and laughter. So I discovered the secret of the perfect holiday.

One day I came on deck to see a dark, forbidding rock protruding from the sea. The idea that I should have to spend the rest of my life upon it, practically alone, would have stricken me with horror.

"So that," I thought, "is St. Helena."

Mighty grandeur

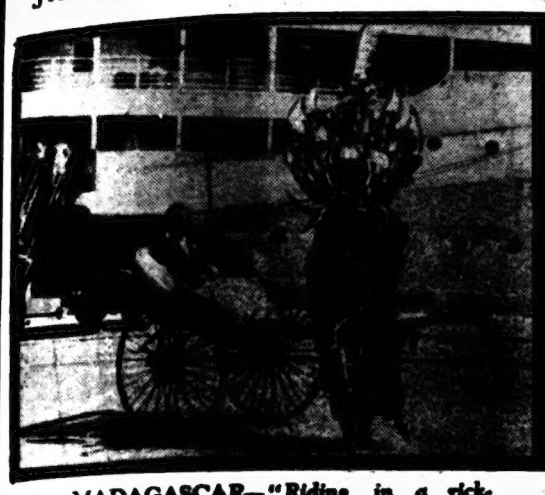
To-day, though, several thousand people live quite happily out there in the middle of the Atlantic far from the ordinary shipping lines. Most of us visited the empty tomb of Napoleon and the house in which he spent his last years. It was an uncanny, almost touching experience. And we drove around the little island which provides a home and sustenance, now, for the hardy people who refuse to leave.

Once more our way lay across a vast tract of ocean—to South Africa.

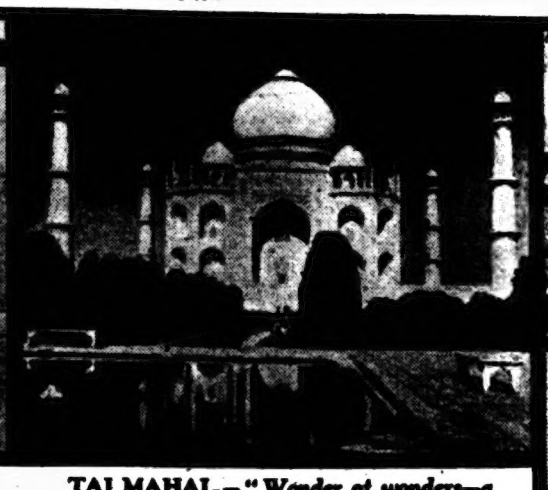
One day I awoke early, and after a cold sponge went up on deck. There I caught my first glimpse of Table Mountain, just after sunrise, in all its mighty grandeur. I wondered what Cecil Rhodes thought—he must have seen Table Mountain just after sunrise, too.

My impressions of South Africa would take hours to set down—the handsome streets of Cape Town, the quaint Dutch houses of Stellenbosch shaded by giant oaks, the goldfields, the great diamond mines, the mighty Victoria Falls.

I doubt whether most people who have watched the Zambesi marching to destruction over that abyss and between those gorges, hurling its vast volume into that livid maelstrom, have the power to *wonder* at anything again. It is a



MADAGASCAR—"*Riding in a rickshaw, I stared around with amazement . .*"



TAJ MAHAL.—"*Wonder of wonders—a monument to lost love . .*"

HONOLULU.—"*Truly have they been called the Isles of Enchantment . .*" (extreme right)

JAPAN.—"*I came away deeply impressed . .*" (right)

—ROUND the WORLD

And to One of You it can Come True

spectacle that remains indelibly imprinted on the mind; and in imagination you may hear the terrifying roar for ever afterwards.

The richness of Pretoria, Johannesburg and Kimberley all remained to be explored. As I travelled from one to the other, absorbed, impressed delighted and amused by turns, I thought often of the pioneers who had created these places, the very pillars of the Union.

On the crest of the table-land at Bulawayo I stood almost reverently by the grave of Rhodes, that strange, misunderstood man.

And, as I stood there, I thought, "Now I *know* this land and these peoples. A month or two ago they were a name on a map. . ."

The faithful *Franconia* was awaiting us at Durban, which we reached across country. But before boarding the ship we joined the passengers who had stayed aboard for the 400-mile trip around the coast from Cape Town and toured the town by car. By way of contrast, we had lunch at the best hotel and afterwards visited a native kraal.

For once the native life was not more interesting than the modern civilisation, for Durban is a pleasant and gracious town. The sea is blue, the beach is golden, the shore is dotted with shady pavilions, fine hotels, fine parks.

Five days away lay Madagascar, and no sooner had I worked up a curiosity about it than we were entering the landlocked harbour of Diego Suarez. And what a curious place it is, a constant reminder of the struggle between advancing civilisation and the tenacity of the native elements.

Riding through the teeming streets in a rickshaw, I stared with amazement at the queer mixture of peoples—Makua Africans, Creoles, Hindus, Somalis, Senegalese, Chinese, Arabs, Persians, Indians, half-breeds But my attention was distracted by the bewildering foliage, boasting so many different shades of green as to seem different colours.

Next, on to Port Victoria, Seychelles Islands, lost corner of the world, miles from trade routes. The Indian Ocean, this. The islands peopled mostly by planters, solitary among their plantations of coffee or spices.

Leaving Seychelles we crossed the Equator once more, and this time we really did have a ceremony. King Neptune himself appeared and announced:

"*My gallant Captain,*
Guests and Crew,
Our pleasure's great
on seeing you . . .

as a prelude to the "shaving" and ducking of half the young passengers.

To my horror I was commanded to be "tried," and as my defending counsel spoke against me I was hurled without ceremony, fully dressed, into the bathing pool. At this many of the remaining elderly passengers took a hand, and I laughed so much that I swallowed a lot of water.

Incidentally, after King Neptune and his courtiers had returned to their "watery home," I came upon them on one of the lower decks quaffing large tankards of foaming ale!

You see, by now I had rediscovered the capacity for simple fun which I had left behind a good twenty years. And the next night I even took part in the ship's concert, at which I was acclaimed at least a good trier!

Romance, too

There were various other matters, too, which contributed to the "human interest" of the voyage. A middle-aged bachelor, who had at first been a good companion of mine, had now deserted me for an attractive widow, and several other romances among the younger people were progressing splendidly. And I, a bad-tempered widower for the past ten years, began to realise that there was no need to spend the rest of my life alone. I hope that in this respect a hint will suffice.

So then to Bombay—"Gateway of India." Where grandeur and luxury rub shoulders with squalor and filth, where brilliant colours make strange patterns and sickening sights startle you.

More daring than most of the others, I went to see the last rites of the Hindus and the Parsees. I saw the Burning Ghat which consumes the mortal remains of the dead Hindu—and the bones of a Parsee picked clean by vultures!

That is world travel—enlightening by shocking as well as enchanting.

How shall I begin to tell of the strange wonders that are but part of India? Delhi, fashionable capital of British India, with its wondrous palaces and the world's largest mosque . . . its bazaars, its towers and minarets. . . .

Agra, and the wonder of wonders, the Taj Mahal. Poetry in stone it has been called, the indescribably beautiful monument to a lost love. I had the exquisite joy of seeing this perfect work of art by moonlight, and that is an impression that is engraved on my mind.

So, on, on . . . to Colombo, Ceylon palm-fringed home of Buddhist priests . . . and then away over a thousand miles and more of sea, through the Straits of Malacca to Penang—"odours of spices and the faint sound of gongs."

Queer confusion

From Penang to Singapore, "crossroads of the world," where all ships, all peoples, all castes and creeds are seen. That is because Singapore is an island on the routes between India and China, Japan and Australasia.

In the town, of course, I visited Raffles, the most famous hotel in the East; and afterwards I wandered through the streets, from the rich and comfortable European quarter with its luxurious houses, to the meaner streets where all the faces I had seen so far seemed to be assembled in one place in queer confusion.

On, on . . . to Bangkok . . . to Java, teeming with tropical life, a whole story in itself . . . to Bali, the fairy island, whose people worship ten thousand gods and make tiny offerings to each. The Balinese are simple, unaffected, friendly . . . the women perfectly natural in the bareness of their golden forms.

Manila, too, is left behind, and so to Hong Kong.

When we arrived there were thousands of loud reports from the shore, and but for the unconcern of the crew there might have been a bombardment going on. Actually, the Ching Ming festival was in progress—which means that all the Chinese in Hong Kong were letting off crackers to scare devils away from the tombs of their relatives.

Even the families that made their homes in the junks and sampans cluttering the harbour were concerned with frightening devils by the same process, and the air was made hideous with noise.

My first glimpse of China was of people scurrying along, with their peculiar shamble, as though always in a hurry; and the great banners with Chinese characters hung across the street. In the poorer quarters they hang their washing out on bamboo poles! Hong Kong is a good shopping centre, by the way, because all the most amusing and useful of things, from quaint furniture to well-made clothes, can be bought for next to nothing.

Unhappily, I cannot take you as slowly as I should like through all the other delightful places I visited, through Shanghai and Pekin, in China, and Miyajima and Kobe in Japan. From Japan I came away deeply impressed of the extreme politeness of the people, most of whom speak quite good English. Then, Yokohama. . . .

A few days of relaxation while the *Franconia* ploughed up the waters of the Pacific brought us to Honolulu and the other islands of Hawaii. Truly they have been called the "Islands of Enchantment"—whether the enchantment consists of lounging on the beach at Waikiki or driving up the beautiful road to the rim of the great Kilauea, 4,000 feet above the sea.

It would be pleasant to play with the idea of remaining for ever in Hawaii, but our ship now anxious for home waters has no time for such fancies. The next port is San Pedro—U.S.A.

Some of the American passengers disembarked there to return to their homes on the west of the continent. Others, who lived nearer the east, remained on board to disembark at New York.

The stop at San Pedro gave me the opportunity to ride inland for twenty miles and visit Hollywood, which I had long wanted to do. Yes, and I even supped at the Brown Derby, though after all the wonders I had seen I was unmoved by the movie stars.

Realization

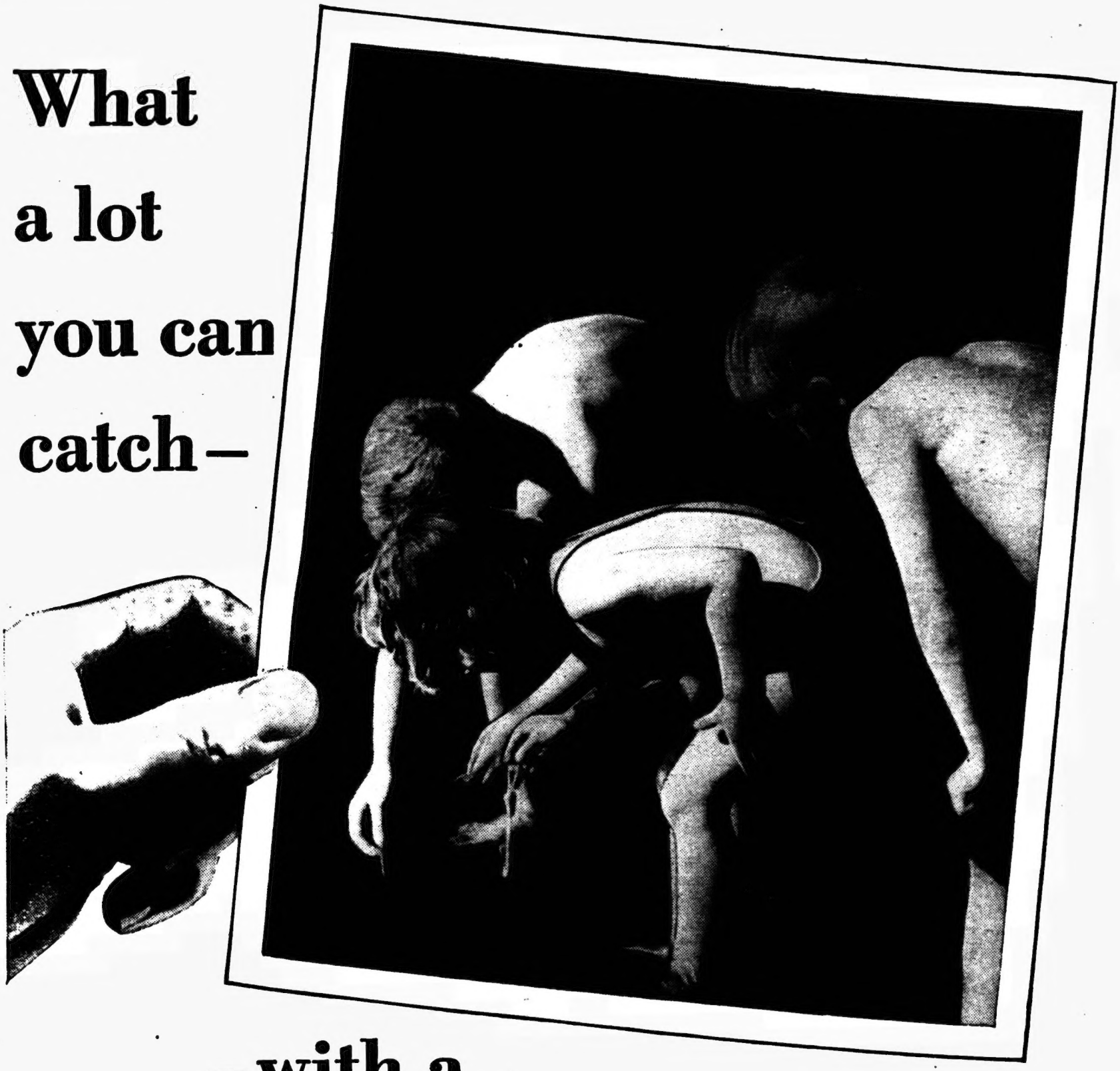
Then back to the *Franconia* and away through the Panama Canal—greatest engineering feat I have ever set eyes upon—to New York, where I lost many of my good companions for ever.

It was then that I really realised what this trip had meant to me. The return across the Atlantic was but an anti-climax. The day we returned to England—so different, in the June sunshine, from the England we left last December—I was both happy and disconsolate.

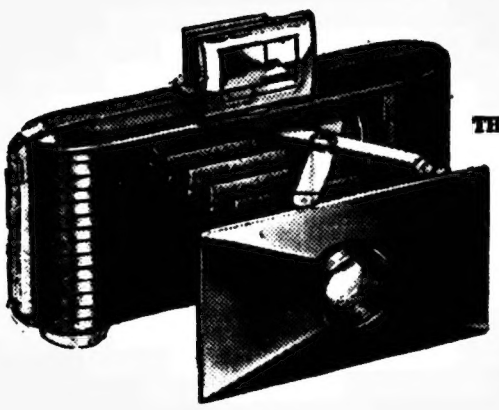
Now, after a few days, I know that I am scarcely the man who went away, for I have returned with an education such as no university in the world could have given me, with health that no hospital could have restored to me.

And I had seen what must be the ambitious dream of every one of us—the world. Forty thousand miles of it—of its enchantment, its mystery, its thrills!

What a lot you can catch—



—with a KODAK



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CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

You Be Rents Champion, Sir Kingsley

Dark Mystery of Cheap Milk—An Income Tax Martyr—Grim Epic of the Wasted Lives—A Live Lord Mayor

DEAR SIR KINGSLEY WOOD,—Last week's issue of JOHN BULL, containing the article "Wanted—A Rents Champion," had only been in the public's hands for a few hours when you summoned your experts at the Ministry of Health to draft amending legislation to make invalid a recent decision of the Court of Appeal upon Rents Control.

I was sure you would quickly take heed of the spreading storm of anger and dismay which has been provoked by the thousands of rapacious landlords who are mercilessly exploiting for profit the unexpected interpretations which the judges have had to place on the clumsy Rents Acts.

* * *

In every town, working-class tenants are in consequence being subjected to the mass presentation of demands for vastly increased rents with the alternative of suffering ejection without even court orders being made against them.

But I have good reason to believe that you intend only to nullify one verdict of the Court of Appeal.

This is the one which removes from landlords the onus of proving that their property is decontrolled and imposes the obligation on tenants of satisfying the courts that their houses are controlled.

The idea of small weekly tenants being compelled to expound in court complicated and technical rents regulations—which baffle even High Court judges—is so ludicrous that it was inconceivable you would not take action to relieve them of a responsibility which Parliament never intended they should bear.

* * *

The wolfish landlords, however, have been quicker in pursuit of their prey than you have been in cheating them of it. Immense damage and distress have already been caused by the lightning blows they have struck at defenceless tenants since the Court of Appeal gave its judgment.

Little difficulty faces you in rectifying this particular legal débâcle.

Are you prepared to accept a still more serious duty? It is to upset another and even graver decision of the Court of Appeal against poor tenants who are being victimised by hundreds of thousands.

They are the masses who are being bled because, as JOHN BULL explained last week, the Appeal Court has found that the badly drafted Rents Acts mean that a sitting tenant is deprived of all protection as soon as an unscrupulous landlord takes it into his head, however late and regardless of justification, to register a house as decontrolled.

A multitude of helpless tenants are, as a result, having to pay excessively high rents which Parliament did not mean to sanction. If they resist, their homes are seized over their heads and nowhere can they find redress.

Therefore you must instruct your experts to find means also to remove this greater wrong. Remember that your own Department definitely defined the rights and safeguards of tenants in the clearest language before the Court of Appeal cast the die against them.

You have good reason, therefore, to make yourself the Fair Rents Champion!

JOHN BULL.

Mr. T. BAXTER,
Milk Board Chairman

DEAR MR. BAXTER,—I have had many hard things to say about the Milk Board, especially regarding its apparent failure to supply cheap milk where it is most needed when vast quantities are being daily virtually wasted.

Now it seems that you actually put before the Government some time ago a scheme to provide plentiful cheap milk where it is most urgently required and especially to children and mothers in the distressed areas.

You have asked the Government, I learn, to contribute equally with you to allow this to be done, but the response has been cold.

Let us have the whole truth. Is it the milk distributors or the Cabinet, or both, who have killed your humane proposal?

JOHN BULL.

W. F. LESTRANGE,
Author of "Wasted Lives"

DEAR SIR,—Your book "Wasted Lives," published last week, should make some of our self-complacent local authorities sit up and take notice.

For you gave us a complete survey of the misery that the poor of Britain are trying to hide beneath a veneer of pride.

The story of thirty little children coming home from school, four rickety, nineteen bespectacled, every one white and pasty-faced; of the table from which rats, cockroaches and other "good companions of the slums" stole food within a matter of seconds; of boys of fourteen working underground; of discoverers of new industrial processes saying that a child can do it, with the result that some little girl *has* to do it—here is the truth not about hundreds of families, but about hundreds of thousands.

I doubt if anybody has ever got so many truths of this kind before between two covers as you have done; has told them so passionately; has used them to lead up to so awful a conclusion as "better for many of these children that they had died at birth, and, better still, that they had never been born."—JOHN BULL.

"You should take the Illegal Rent Victim's hand"

Mr. R. MARSHALL,
Coroner, Dudley

SIR,—It is difficult not to feel angry with you.

Complete evidence has been given in your court that a motor cyclist who was killed was travelling at more than forty-five miles an hour when he crashed into a car which was virtually stationary.

The jury promptly decided that the car driver must be exonerated. "I don't believe in these exonerations," you said, also telling the jurors not to bother about that aspect of the tragedy when they again emphasised that the motorist was in no way to blame.

Refusal to accept the acquittal of a totally innocent man is carrying the anti-motorist agitation too far.

JOHN BULL.

TAX COMMISSIONERS,
Somerset House

GENTLEMEN,—Some incredible acts are committed in your name, but this must be about the worst.

At Retford, a landlord with 800 tenants, paying £22,000 a year in rates and taxes, is summoned for non-payment of 16s. income-tax in respect of a portion of a stable occupied by an unemployed man who pays no rent.

He was there by the kindness of the owner until he could get work, but your Department immediately decided that it must be assessed as an occupied dwelling.

The landlord has either to continue paying this tax on his simple charity or to escape it by turning out the poor fellow and causing him to become chargeable to the ratepayers.

Even Gilbert didn't think of this one.

JOHN BULL.

THE LORD MAYOR,
Cardiff

MY LORD MAYOR,—Accept my thanks for your kindly thought for aged poor people who have to exist on small pensions or other income.

You are trying to introduce to your city a scheme to provide flats for elderly people of humble means at an inclusive rent of not more than 2s. 6d. per week.

Your splendid proposal deserves not only the support of your City Council, but to be copied by all local authorities in the land.

JOHN BULL.

MARQUESS OF ABERDEEN
House of Lords

MY LORD,—You are inveighing against professional charity organisers who rob the public with impunity.

Why not use your position to introduce legislation to stop the plunder?

JOHN BULL.

Mr. PETER JACKSON,
Moorland Grove, Bolton

DEAR SIR,—Although only a stoker and unemployed you have qualified at the age of forty-two for a university training course which would make possible your appointment as a teacher.

Your fellow-townspeople have this other reason to be proud of you, apart from your heroic service in the stokehold at Jutland and Zeebrugge.

But Bolton Town Council has turned down a proposal to grant you £2 to pay your fare, etc., to the university. The idea that there is no poverty bar to educational opportunity is a myth.

You are, therefore, going to hike some hundreds of miles to the university and enter it wearing your corduroys and clogs.

Bravo, and good luck!

JOHN BULL.

NOT FROM THE B.B.C.

SINCE the earliest of rhymers took to rhyming,
Since the very first soprano launched her scream,
Eulogies and odes galore,
Songs and ballads by the score
Have concerned themselves with mother as a theme.

Yes, everybody thinks and sings of mother,
The heroine of ev'ry creed and sect;
But it really is too bad
That her partner, dear old dad,
Too often has to suffer from neglect.

In U.S.A., though, doctors have decided,
Instead of thinking only of mamma,
To show some recognition
Of the delicate condition,
Of a husband who will soon become a pa!

To Minneapolis belongs the credit for one of the most humane innovations of recent years—the opening of a special paternity ward for anxious and semi-hysterical fathers-to-be.

Mr. J. G. Norby, the hospital superintendent, admits that officialdom, while ministering to expectant mothers, has for too long left prospective fathers to shift for themselves. And, of course, they have mostly shifted up and down hospital corridors, wearing the expression of a man who has burglariously entered a birdcage and stolen the canary's breakfast.

Under the new regime, the guilty wretches will be attended by nurses, armed with cigarettes and aspirin, who will try to persuade them to recline patiently on upholstered sofas.

And perhaps this sympathetic treatment of husbands before the arrival of the little stranger or strangers will bring about a change in their subsequent treatment; for there is something singularly callous in those official announcements: "Mother and child doing well"—without a word about poor old father!

Something might also be done for expectant husbands, since a man is never more liable to brood over his misspent youth and to cherish grave doubts about his future than during those miserable minutes in a church vestibule, when he is waiting for the Voice That Breathed O'er Eden.

Instead of merely being provided with an allegedly best man, who can usually think of nothing more helpful than to urge him to be British and remember what the boys went through in the trenches, the unhappy sap should be able to command the services of a trained nurse, a cocktail mixer and/or an anæsthetist.

Meanwhile I can only hope that the example set by Minneapolis will be imitated—aye, and improved upon—here, where waiting bridegrooms and newly made fathers are treated as being only slightly less comic than kippers and Black Shirts.

Gentlemen in Waiting

Waiting in a nursing home,
Waiting at the church—
Gentlemen-in-waiting,
We leave them in the lurch!
Sympathy is lacking
For their wretched state,
Though we know they've also nerves
Who only stand and wait!

All are of heroic mould,
Doubts and fears they still,
And to the parson's question
Make brave reply: "I will";
And who has not applauded
Their wan, courageous grins
When, after months of waiting,
The nurse announces: "Twins!"

Y. Z.

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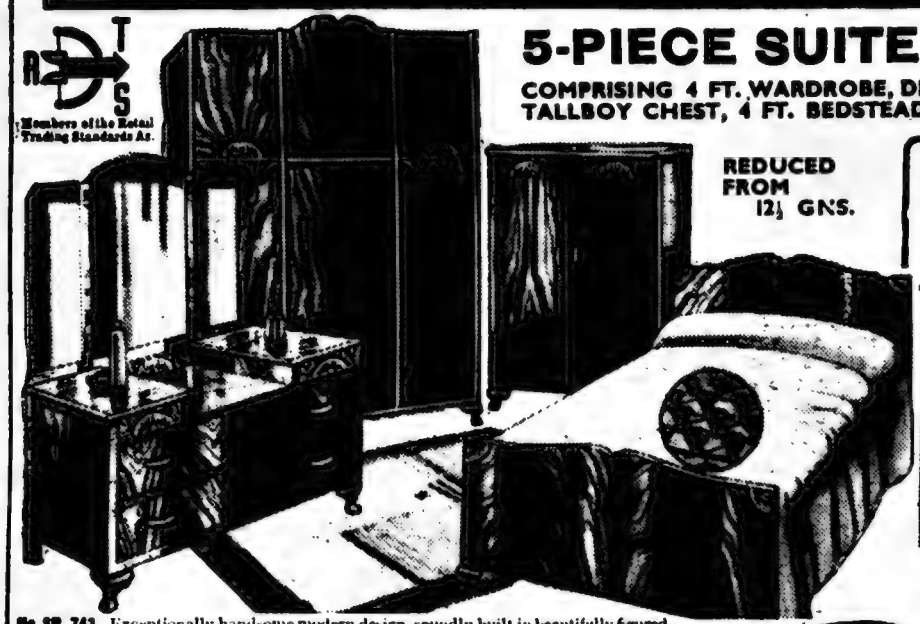

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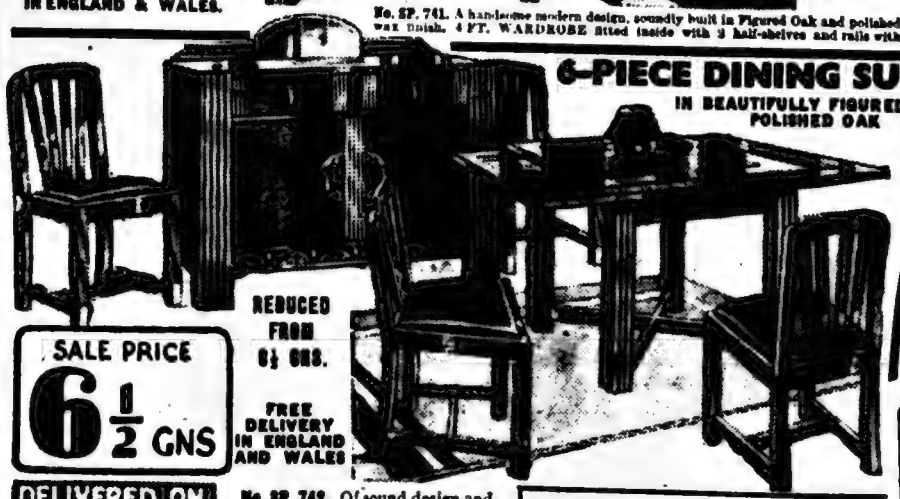

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JOE—of Birmingham

—by—

A. G. GARDINER

IT is fitting that in the celebration of Joseph Chamberlain's centenary next Wednesday Birmingham should take the lead and bear the banner. For though that formidable man was not a native of Birmingham but a Londoner by birth, it was by his monumental work for the city of his adoption that he first made both himself and that city famous.

It was as the Radical and Republican Mayor of Birmingham that he sprang into the lists at Westminster and changed the whole political current of this country.

And it was the devotion of Birmingham to him that gave him so much of his driving power.

He held the Midland capital like a fortress to the day of his death, and it was from that fortress that he filled the earth with the rumour of his name. He became the great disturber of the complacent Victorian world, and the prophet and forerunner of the storm that was to convulse it.

HE made Parties and broke Parties, fashioned policies and wrecked policies, crashed his way alike to peace and war, was the idol of democracy and the last refuge of aristocracy.

But throughout all the changes of his turbulent career Birmingham never wavered in its loyalty to his imperious leadership. And it has reason to keep the centenary of his birth as a great and cherished memory.

If we ask what was the secret of the dominion he exercised over the minds of men, there seem to be two principal answers. The first is, his own terrific personality. He was a born dictator. Wherever he sat was the head of the table.

Whether he was silent or speaking, it was his presence that filled men's minds and governed their emotions. When he came into the House of Commons, with that keen, searching eye, that pugnacious nose, and that resolute mouth, the air was electrical.

Here was the master of stratagems and ambuscades. What mine was he going to spring? What new hare was he going to start?

For all knew that, whatever it was, the field would have to follow the master. "You can burn all your election literature," he said to Herbert Gladstone, the Chief Whip of the Liberals, on the eve of his Tariff Reform crusade. "I am going to set the country talking about something else." And he did.

It was always his way—even in the days when he was ruling Birmingham like a benevolent despot. His will-to-power brooked no interference. If you opposed him you were ostracised. If you obeyed him you could do no wrong.

Many incidents of his imperious rule at that time were told to me by the late Sir Jesse Herbert, who was Assistant Town Clerk when "Joe" was Mayor. Here is one of them.

"On every committee of thirteen," he once said to Herbert, "twelve members attend who have not read the documents, have not considered the question, have no policy and are prepared to accept a clear lead. One member attends who has read the documents, knows what he wants, and is determined to have it. I always make it my business to be that one."

AND now see how it worked. I was telling that story to the late Mr. J. R. Green at the time the new University buildings were being erected at Birmingham.

"That is interesting to me," said Mr. Green, "for yesterday at lunch I met one of the Senate of Birmingham University and he told me that Mr. Chamberlain came to the last meeting and said 'I have come to the conclusion that what we want for the new University is a Siena tower.'

"The Senate looked up in astonishment. 'What we want is a chair for this and a chair for that.'

"'What we want is a Siena tower,' said Chamberlain, coldly and implacably. 'And in order to lose no time I have got a plan here,' he added, producing a sketch of the proposed tower from his pocket.

"And," proceeded Mr. Green's informant, "we found ourselves outside an hour later, having agreed to the erection of a tower we didn't want, at the cost of money we hadn't got, and which, if we had got, we needed for other urgent things."

If you go to Birmingham you will see that tower to-day—the enduring monument of "Joe's" iron will.

It was a will fortified by endless courage, and a will to do or die. He was prepared to perish, but he was never prepared to surrender.

"Make no mistake," wrote his brother, Arthur Chamberlain, to me in the early days of the Tariff crusade—"Make no mistake. Rupert never rides but to conquer or to fall." Arthur was opposed to "Joe's" policy, but he knew his brother was out "to win or lose it all."

And next to what I have called his terrific personality, the circumstances of the time explain his dominion over men's minds. He saw a new age was dawning. The battle for political liberty had been won. The theme of politics henceforth was the redress of social wrongs.

And he saw himself as the man who could redress them. He preached the doctrine of "ransom"—the ransom which the rich must pay to the disinherited. He assailed all privilege, whether of property, the Church, the classes or even the Crown.

When he descended on Parliament in 1876 it was as though "the writing on the wall" had become visible. The comfortable classes saw in him the very Prince of Darkness. It was much as if Lenin had come to Westminster.

Disraeli, watching him through his eyeglass, was less alarmed. He, too, had been a Radical in his young days. "He wears his eyeglass like a gentleman," he said, and in that fact anticipated the future.

His anticipation was fulfilled. I doubt whether it would have been fulfilled if there had not been a clash between Gladstone and Chamberlain. But that clash was inevitable. There was not room in the party for two Cæsars, and Chamberlain was Cæsar or nothing.

Neither man liked the other. Their temperaments were as the poles. One was the product of all the culture of the ages; the other was the sublimated tradesman turned revolutionary.

The crisis came on the Irish question. Chamberlain had been "a Home Ruler before Gladstone," but when Gladstone produced his first Home Rule Bill he broke with him. It was, I think, a case of sheer incompatibility of tempers.

But its effects on this country and on the world were devastating. In his new book Sir Chartres Biron records that in his late days Carson lamented to him that Gladstone's Home Rule Bill was not accepted. If it had been the present situation could never have arisen in Ireland.

And I do not think it can be doubted that it was Chamberlain's defection that turned the scales. If that defection was fatal to the Anglo-Irish settlement, it was no less fatal to Chamberlain and to the domestic history of this country.

It diverted him from his true course. It broke his Party. It delayed for twenty years the social reforms that were nearest to his heart. It was the true begetter of the Boer War and has profoundly influenced the tragic course of European history since.

FROM it comes the fact that the greatest personal force that has appeared in British politics in the last half-century has no constructive achievements of statesmanship to his credit.

He is remembered as the awakener and the breaker of idols whom destiny and his own imperious spirit turned from his task and made the servant of causes which in his heart he despised and condemned.

But he was a great man and Birmingham does well to honour his memory.

"He wears his eyeglass like a gentleman," Disraeli used to say

The Human Machine

TINY TYRANTS

THIS tyranny of the little thing is an astonishing phenomenon. It is amazing to see how many people allow their thoughts, their tempers, their very lives to be governed by trivialities.

It is true, of course, that the average person's daily life is largely made up of little things, of small occasions, of trivial but necessary duties. It is true—but the little thing is still the little thing—and little things are only great to little people. A mind that is oppressed by small things must in essence be a small mind.

One can have a certain amount of sympathy with people whose work day in and day out lies in dull places, whose task is routine, and whose entire activity is forced towards monotony. One can have sympathy with them, but one should not waste pity on them. For no one can bind and imprison the mind. That is as free as air. It can roam where it will.

You may be forced to keep your nose tight down on the grindstone all day, but there is nothing to stop you lifting your head every now and then to take a look at the horizon. If you are being tyrannised by little things you have never realised that there is any horizon. You have either lost your sense of proportion or, what is more likely, have never developed one.

The thing to do to avoid this tyranny is to make detail a habit. Half the day's work should be as automatic and effortless as going to bed and getting up. Things should be taken as they come. Only the things that do really matter should be allowed to matter. There is no virtue whatever in making a great display of energy if the job can be done with next to none. So many people expend enough physical and mental energy over unimportant trifles to run a factory!

If you really wish to avoid being tyrannised over by the little thing you must learn to get outside it and see it in its true relation to everything else. It is true that trifles mostly make up our lives—but each trifle is only a trifle. That is the truth that so many people forget. And it is forgetting that that makes all the trouble.

HOLIDAYS With Pay!

JOHN BULL is anxious to ensure that when its readers are on holiday they will have a jolly and carefree time—in other words, to pay them if, while they are away, things go wrong at home.

That is why registered readers and their families will continue to enjoy the protection of JOHN BULL'S unsurpassed Free Family Insurance Gift while on holiday in Great Britain, Ireland, the Channel Islands or the Isle of Man.

They need have no anxiety about the home they leave behind them. During their absence JOHN BULL will still guard their household effects against fire, storm, flood or tempest.

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All that we ask them to do is, before leaving, instruct their newsagent to resume regular delivery of JOHN BULL immediately on their return. It will, of course, be necessary—in the event of an application for benefit arising—for them to show that they purchased JOHN BULL while away.

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Earnings unlimited Free gift every agent.
Big cash Prizes Catalogue Free.
F. J. TATE, 26, NEVILLE STREET, LEEDS, 1.

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Beechams Brand Pills are gentle, persuasive, gradual and health-building—never harmful. They "put you right" so that your fat, which is always a sign of "something wrong", disappears naturally.

Give Beechams Pills a trial. The same wonderful prescription, famous for 90 years, is still unequalled for Constipation and all its evils—headaches, depression, frayed nerves, indigestion, complexion troubles and especially excessive fat.

Purely Vegetable. *Sold Everywhere.*

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TO WOMEN WHO WISH TO SLIM

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DO YOU ADVERTISE?—Advertisements inserted in 50 provincial newspapers or London Suburban, 7/10. Welsh, 2/8. Large or small Mail Order Campaigns. Advice free. — Write for prospectus 60, Buttolph & Dickson, 323, High Holborn, London, W.C.1. (Chancery 8113.)

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ORDER your next suit from Yewdall's, of Leeds, and you will realise that you have found "Your Tailor." They have over 40 years' experience in supplying direct from the Looms, beautiful quality cloth correctly cut to measure at prices ranging from 55/-, payable 5/- monthly. No extra for credit. It will pay you to write for patterns. (State if Lounge, Sports Suits or Ladies.) Yewdall's, Ltd., Dept. 18 M, Yewdonia House, North Street, Leeds.

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ROSES & SWEET PEAS—you'll cultivate bigger and better blooms if you feed now with SANGRAL, the 10-day Fertiliser. Sold everywhere, 6d., 1/6, 2/-.

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MEDICAL, CURATIVE.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine remedy, proved by testimonials. — Write, The Stanley Institute (J.B.), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

DON'T Wear a Truss! Use Brooks' Rupture Appliance. New discovery. Wonderful! No lumpy pads, no springs, durable, cheap. Binds and draws parts together quickly. Sent on trial. Catalogue free.—Address, Brooks Appliance Co., Ltd. (520 E.), 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

DO you suffer from Headaches or Neuralgia? Cephos, the Physician's Remedy, gives instant relief. Cannot affect the heart. In Powders or Tablets.—Send p.c. for Free Sample to CEPHOS, LTD. (Dept. J.B.), BLACKBURN.

WORMS CURED.—Artico Brand Worm Tablets are a Specialist's Positive Cure by Removing the causes. No fasting, dieting, or interference with daily habits. Send 1/6 for Generous Supply or 1½d. stamp for details.—Ridyard Toilet Co., 34-38, Codnor, Derby.

NERVOUSNESS, Blushing, Depression, Weak Nerves, Morbid Fears, etc. Sufferers should get my FREE book, "The Conquest of Fear," describing a genuine cure. Sent with £1,000 guarantee, privately, post-free.—H. J. Rivers (J.B.22), 40, Lamb's Conduit Street, W.C.1.

FREE to sufferers from Leg and Circulatory Troubles! Write to the New Era Treatment Co., Ltd. (Dept. 18D), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.1, for a free sample of ELASTO, the new biological remedy, and a copy of a special free booklet, "The Story of Elasto," or fill in the coupon on Back Cover.

GOOD HEALTH is your birthright. The remedies offered on page 27 will keep you fit and save you unnecessary expense. A free book containing 96 pages packed with valuable medical information will be sent free to all readers who send an order for any of the remedies advertised on that page. Turn to it now.

FREE.—Send a p.c. for a liberal free trial bottle of D.D.D. Brand Lotion. It cleanses the skin and cures all skin troubles.—Write, mentioning *John Bull*, to D.D.D. Laboratories, M.N.4, 23, Fleet Lane, London, E.C.4. See p. 28.

A FREE Sample of URACE brand tablets for rheumatism sufferers is offered in ad. on p. 27.

MISCELLANEOUS.

IF you would like to know more about the uses of SECCOTINE, the famous adhesive, write to Dept. J.B., Messrs. M'Caw, Stevenson & Orr, Ltd., Belfast, for free Booklet. See p. 27.

£1,000 LEXICON COMPETITION RESULT. Out of the many thousands of competitors, 1,533 have fulfilled all the conditions of the competition and have succeeded in obtaining the maximum number of points. The prize money has therefore been equally divided between these successful competitors, who each receive a cheque for 13s. 1d.

MAKE this health-giving drink yourself at home! Every reader who fills in the coupon in the Masons Beer advt. on page 22 will receive sufficient Masons Extract of Herbs and Yeast to make one gal. of Masons Botanic Beer. Be sure to enclose 4d. for postage, etc

100 SOLID Silver Cider TANKARDS free. Here's a chance to test your skill in a free, simple competition. Simply fill in what you consider are the best words to complete the Bulmer advt. on p. 27. Write your suggestion on a postcard and send to H. P. Bulmer and Co., Ltd. (Dept. J.B.7), Hereford. For the best replies 100 solid silver Tankards will be distributed free. Entries must be sent in by July 9.

A FREE sample tube of MORNING PRIDE, the new brushless shaving-cream. Cut out the coupon on p. 28. Fill in your name and address, and attach 1½d. stamp for postage, etc., or, if you prefer, write, mentioning *John Bull*, enclosing 1½d. stamp, to Fassett & Johnson, Ltd. (Dept. A.), 36, Clerkenwell Rd., London, E.C.1.

THE best rubber heels that money can buy bear the name "Phillips." See that you get the genuine. If not, take advantage of the unique offer appearing in the advt. on p. 29.

ACCEPT this free offer. To introduce the new size packet of Birds Custard sufficient for four half-pints, a special packet will be sent free to all readers who simply write to Birds Custard (Dept. G.Q.27), Thames House, Millbank, London. Write at once for your sample package.

NAIL BITING.
A real cure at last! Free booklet, sent privately, for 1½d. stamp, explains how you can free yourself (or child) of this objectionable, health-endangering habit.—Pilter, Ltd. (Dept. J.B.), 31, Broadway, Crouch End, London, N.8.

ASTONISHING CLAIMS OF A HARLEY-ST. SPECIALIST

DOCTOR'S Love Machine

MAGIC and the practice of occult sciences are not usually associated with staid, conservative Harley Street, yet both find favour, apparently, with a medical man with many distinctions to his credit, whose experiments are the strangest we have encountered for many a day.

He is Doctor Alexander Cannon, B.C.A., M.D., Ph.D., D.P.M., M.A., Ch.B., F.R.S.M., F.R.G.S., etc., of Harley Street and Basildon Court, London.

Some readers may possibly recall his name, for he gained some publicity a little while back when he resigned from his post as psychiatrist and research worker at the London County Council Mental Hospital, Colney Hatch, following the publication of his book: "The Invisible Influence."

This work, which dealt with hypnotism and the occult and metaphysical sciences, not usually recognised in Western medicine, aroused considerable controversy.

The love and lie detector being demonstrated by Dr. Cannon

Soft music

In resigning, Dr. Cannon declared that it was a pure waste of time continuing in a service that provided no opportunities for giving psychological and specialised treatment.

Now that he has full scope for his endeavours it is interesting to study some of the unusual experiments that he has conducted.

One of his latest schemes was to induce 4,000 people to participate in a Mass Test in a public hall with the object of gauging the influence of colour and sound as aids to sleep.

Soft radio music and changing coloured lights were used, and it was claimed that all felt drowsy and several actually fell asleep.

On another occasion an audience of fashionable women and medical men were invited to the May Fair Hotel, where Dr. Cannon was to give a demonstration of how the phenomenon of levitation—causing a human being to float in mid-air—might be produced. This was to be a mystery of Tibet.

Kyra Nijinski, daughter of the famous Russian dancer, volunteered for the experiment. Her head was placed on a green silk cushion and she was hypnotised by Dr. Cannon.

All the fashionable women leaned forward in anticipation of wonders to come. The eyes of Kyra Nijinski closed, violent spasms shook her body, her legs were raised in the air, then her arms, but her body did not rise. Levitation did not take place. Thus the mystery of Tibet remained a mystery.

Later this young woman came out of hypnosis and asked what had happened.

Some of the spectators left with the impression that stage magicians like Maskelyne did these things much more efficiently.

Such a fiasco as this did not dishearten the doctor.

Some time ago he met the Occult Committee of the Magic Circle, and it was stated that he was going to accept their challenge to have the Indian rope trick performed in London. The Magic Circle was prepared to pay £500 to anyone who performed this trick.

When this sum was mentioned, Dr. Alexander Cannon laughed heartily at the suggestion of such a beggarly fee. He wanted £50,000, which seemed a fair sum for demonstrating the Indian rope trick, and declared that this was necessary in order to bring over to this country his Yogis, to say nothing of a shipload of special sand. There was also the expense of having the Albert Hall heated to tropical heat.

Finally, when Dr. Cannon was asked if he would agree to return the £50,000 if he failed to perform the trick, he refused, although he claimed to have performed the trick on a previous occasion.

When the publicity concerning the levitation demonstration and the Indian rope trick proposal died down, other sensational schemes were announced to the world.

Not the least of these is a queer machine called the Psychostethokyrtographymanometer. Among other things this device is said to be a "love detector." The machine is supposed to "show a definite and unmistakable reaction when people are in love." He claims also that "it will detect in the fraction of a second the lightest of lies, even if the person does not speak."

At the moment he is concerned with hypnotism, a static electric machine and coloured lights.

The visitor arriving at his consulting rooms at Basildon Court is ushered into a room with black walls and ceiling. Coloured lights are switched on and the patient may be hypnotised, or placed on a chair which is connected with the static electric machine.

Then blue sparks splutter and the patient waits expectantly.

Strange lights

What with the coloured lights, the hum of electricity and the sparks, he probably thinks he is getting a good show for the money paid in fees, which range from three guineas upwards.

Quite recently a well-known woman philanthropist made the acquaintance of Dr. Alexander Cannon, and was suitably impressed. "I was ushered into a room where strange lights flickered in different parts of the room," she declares. "Each coloured light had its own particular use and a strong smell of ozone met one."

Afterwards she was shown into a room with black walls. More coloured lights hung from a chandelier. A nurse lay down on a divan while Dr. Cannon turned on a special light and began to hypnotise the nurse, not the visitor!

Later the nurse, presumably in a trance, told the woman philanthropist that she was an Egyptian Yogi of a high order.

The show went on, and later the client was assured that "in other lives I had been a man, and that in one life I had been Julius Cæsar."

"Nonsense"

We have one other comment to make on Dr. Cannon's book, "The Invisible Influence," in which he asserts that he was told by the Grand Lama of Tibet how the late Justice McCardie would die.

The book suggests that seven years ago the judge visited a foreign country and got at loggerheads with a leading black magician who cursed him. In seven years, according to the story, the judge was to die as a result of the curse.

As a matter of fact, a friend of the late judge described the whole story as wild nonsense.

Dr. Cannon has also been associated with a queer organisation known as The Seekers in a hypnotic experiment where—according to a newspaper report—he told a man in a trance that he was a beautiful girl of sixteen and instructed him to "make himself up nicely."

When we say that The Seekers have been condemned in these columns for their practice of selling prayers and treating sufferers with the supposed aid of a spirit, "Dr. Lascelles," it will be seen that Dr. Cannon was not on this occasion very fortunate in his choice of associates.

RUINED *for* SIX POUNDS

THE many injustices concerning imprisonment for debt have received the attention of the authorities; but other scandals affecting those who are often sheer victims of misfortune remain to be remedied.

We refer to the plight of thousands of struggling people throughout the country whose homes are seized and sold up at knock-out prices in order to satisfy small debts, usually for arrears of rent or rates.

A man may only owe a pound or two, yet he may see his home robbed of practically everything! In some instances such losses may well spell ruin for him.

The law on the subject is that the bailiffs cannot touch bedding, or the tools of the man's trade, but apart from these items they frequently strip the home bare in order to satisfy a small debt.

The whole system is open to the gravest possible abuse, as the following cases show.

In a recent instance, where the debt and costs amounted to £6 10s., the goods of the debtor were seized and sold at preposterous prices.

A piano in fair condition was sold for 16s., three carpets 2s. 6d., a suite of furniture 25s., a bookcase 3s.

So it went on until the sum of £6 had been reached.

This poor debtor had been left with nothing but his bedding. His home had been stripped, and furniture which had cost about £60 had been sold for a paltry £6.

In another recent case at a North Country town, a man fell in debt and distraint was levied. The bailiffs appeared and bedroom furniture was removed.

"There was no bed left to sleep on," said the husband, who gave evidence at the inquest on his wife, who had ended her life in despair at it all.

In this case the debt outstanding amounted to a paltry £9, but it was alleged that the real value of the furniture taken away to cover this debt amounted to £59.

Yet this was a case where the debtor had made an honest attempt to pay off his debt by instalments.

Similar cases are happening with less tragic results all over the country. Usually the landlord is in a happy position, for he can distrain on furniture and effects without any undue delay.

* * *

Take the case of a man living in a Midland town who, when things were going well with him, had bought a thirty-guinea piano on hire-purchase.

He had paid £20 off the instrument when he had the misfortune to fall out of work. Later his rent was in arrears and the landlord, acting through a bailiff, seized the piano, which was sold for just sufficient to cover the arrears of rent, amounting to £8 plus costs.

So this unfortunate debtor lost his thirty-guinea piano, and has still to pay the balance of the purchase price. But the landlord's claim has been settled.

As a reader living at Cardiff writes: "In most cases of distraint for rent, the value of the furniture taken by the bailiffs is largely in excess of the debt outstanding.

"Working-class families living in South Wales towns find their homes ruined in order to satisfy a small debt. Often a home that has taken years to furnish is seized and sold at prices which beggar description.

"It is no unusual thing for furniture valued at anything from £50 to £60 to be sold at 'give away' prices, so that a debt of £5 or £6 may be cleared."

The tragedy is for the man and wife who, through no fault of their own, have been temporarily unable to pay their rent.

They stand in dumb despair in the sale room as they see the furniture which they had struggled to get together as their home knocked down to dealers at absurd prices.

The dining table that had cost them £5 is sold for 5s., the sideboard that was bought for £10 is knocked out to a dealer at 20s.

So the auctioneer's hammer falls again and again and each blow is bitter agony to the poor souls whose home is being sold up.

The scandal and the tragedy that so often lie behind the notice "Sold up—by order of the County Court" must be ended.

A MESSAGE TO EVERY MOTORIST

DRIVE AWAY THOSE STOMACH PAINS!

THE driving seat of a motor lorry or trade van is haunted by the spectre of stomach trouble. Can you wonder? Hour after hour, cramped up at the wheel; a hurried meal, then off again before the food can be digested; lack of exercise; insufficient rest—that is why the work of thousands of long-distance motor drivers is **a martyrdom of stomach torment!** That is why the pleasure of a sports car or motor bike is so often turned to pain by the constant nagging of an ill-treated digestion.

A MOTOR DRIVER'S REMEDY

If the cruel stab of indigestion tortures *you* whilst driving—if wind distends your stomach, if acidity burns, or you feel bilious after meals—read on. Let Mr. Lockley, of Wolverhampton, tell you how he overcame pain and kept fit for his job. Mr. Lockley drives a lorry. **He has had bitter experience of the pain you feel so often at the wheel.** But he is better now. **He has found the way to soothing relief.** Read the extracts from his letters in the next column. Take his tip and drive in comfort!

WHY MACLEAN Brand STOMACH POWDER WILL RELIEVE YOU!

The genuine MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder has the signature "ALEX. C. MACLEAN" on the bottle and carton. It is never sold loose. All chemists sell it at 1/3, 2/- or 5/- in Powder or Tablet form.

Would you buy a spare part for your motor off a street barrow at a cut price? Then how can you expect any cheap, untried stomach remedy to do you good? You must have the remedy made *specially* to deal with your personal stomach trouble. **Maclean Brand Stomach Powder is the scientific remedy** that puts a protective coating over the delicate parts of the stomach; neutralises the painful acid which eats into the stomach walls; gently frees the stomach from impurities; and thoroughly cleanses the intestines. **For your convenience you can buy Maclean Brand Stomach Powder in tablet form.** Swallow one or two tablets after meals and your stomach pains will vanish.

HOW Mr. LOCKLEY STOPPED HIS PAIN

"My age is 42 years, and I have been a long-distance lorry driver for years. Four good jobs I have lost owing to gastric trouble; twice my doctor has had me X-rayed for ulcers. **One famous doctor told me I must never drive another heavy lorry** and he would not be answerable if I did not obey his advice.

"Meat, cakes, pastry, etc., and fruits used to half-kill me. The pains used to start, and then dry sickness. **Job after job I have lost through being taken ill** at different towns and being brought back. My food never had a chance to digest properly.

"At last I gave Maclean Brand Stomach Powder a trial—**Now I am fit and well and eat anything.** I buy a 2/- bottle and before every trip I mix about six doses in a big bottle. After every meal down goes my pain-saver, no stopping to mix each dose. If my fellow knights of the road will take this tip they will have nothing to fear.

"I should not be doing justice to sufferers like myself had I not written to tell you that truly I have been made a new man."

Mr. H. LOCKLEY
(Wolverhampton).

THIS SIGNATURE MEANS SAFETY—

Alex. C. Maclean

You depend upon road signs and signals for your safety when driving. Well—here is the sign of genuine MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder and Tablets, *and* the sign of quick, lasting relief from your stomach troubles! Just keep your eyes open every time for the signature ALEX. C. MACLEAN on the bottle.

Macleans Ltd., Great West Road, Brentford.

Sealed Letter DOOMS a Boy

Mother's Appalling Lunacy Ordeal

THIS is the worst scandal in connection with the public assistance and lunacy administration of this country that has ever had to be chronicled.

It will narrate how a seventeen-year-old boy has been certified as insane and condemned to be a lunatic asylum inmate for no other reason than that he was run down in health through under-nourishment and that his parents had applied to the poor law authorities for extra relief in an effort to have his physical condition improved.

The lad's name is Robert Orwin and his home is at 9, South Johnson Street, Sunderland. He has now been discharged from the asylum because the hideous nature of the blunder was at once apparent to the doctors in whose custody he was placed.

Inadequate

It is unnecessary to make the slightest comment on the incidents of the case. They speak for themselves, and the mere recital of them will shock the conscience of the nation that such things can be committed in the name of the public social services.

Robert Orwin has been in delicate health from childhood, but his condition has lately been aggravated by lack of sufficient and proper food. His father is a pensioner and unemployed and for some time the family has had to be dependent on public assistance.

The amount of relief granted for the boy was far from adequate. For a period he was in a sanatorium and recently had spent a few weeks in the Sunderland municipal hospital. Never once was the slightest suggestion made that he was mentally unsound, and there is no history of insanity whatever in any branch of his family.

Although he is highly intelligent, the boy is backward in general education because of his absence from school, made necessary by his failing health at the time when the privation of his family began in consequence of unemployment and their meagre income from public funds.

Recently, Mrs. Orwin became so anxious and distressed about the boy's weak state that she took him personally to an official of the public assistance committee to ask if anything at all could be done for his betterment. She alleges that she was brusquely told: "Your boy is mad. He should be sent to an asylum."

Shock for mother

The mother was overcome by this extraordinary statement and, after consultation with her husband, she sought to relieve her apprehension by taking the boy immediately to the municipal hospital for medical examination.

There she was comforted. She was informed by the doctor that there was not the smallest justification for the suggestion that her son was mentally ill. He was run down, she was told, and means must be found to build up his strength.

So Mrs. Orwin went back with Robert to the officials of the public assistance committee, and this time made a definite request for extra relief to be granted on his behalf so that he might obtain the necessary nourishment.

No comment on the boy's condition was passed to her on this occasion. A brief letter was written in her presence,

Sir Laurence Brock, Chairman of the Board of Lunacy Control, will, we believe, be first to urge the need for official enquiry into this frightful happening

but she was not allowed to see its contents.

It was handed to her in a sealed envelope and she was instructed to attend a meeting of the public assistance committee two days later and to present the sealed letter to the relieving officer when she arrived.

Mrs. Orwin went joyfully with her son to the meeting, believing that the letter she carried must contain a recommendation for the additional relief needed.

She was ushered before the committee alone, the boy being left in the waiting-room.

The woman almost collapsed when after the letter had been opened and examined by the members, she was tersely told that Robert had been declared to be insane and that he must enter a local lunatic asylum forthwith.

She sobbed out a protest that a terrible mistake was being made, and asked the committee to call in her boy there and then so that they could personally test his sanity.

They refused to consent to this and dismissed the mother with the warning that she would have to surrender her son to the lunacy authorities within a few hours.

Mrs. Orwin sent her son home and she went direct to seek the advice of a local councillor, who said he would take immediate action.

But the officials acted quicker than he could. When the mother reached home, less than an hour after her remarkable interview with the public assistance committee, she was surprised to see a taxicab at the door.

She was dumbfounded when she entered the house and found there her son standing in front of a magistrate and two clerks from the public assistance department.

According to Mrs. Orwin's statement, the justice of the peace, a local tradesman, made a number of passes with his hand across the boy's eyes and remarked that he "looked somewhat strange."

There and then the magistrate signed a certificate for the reception of the boy in an asylum as a lunatic. Mrs Orwin states that she was told by one of the officials that if she resisted the seizure of her son the police would be called to the house.

So distraught was the mother that she was only semi-conscious when they marched her boy out between them to go to the asylum.

The councillor whom Mrs. Orwin had approached for help went at once to interview the medical superintendent of the asylum to which the boy was taken, and was told by him that the lad should never have been certified and ought not to be in that place. What was wrong with him, the doctor added, was that he was merely backward and needed nourishment and treatment of his tonsils

A medical superintendent of an asylum has not, of course, the power to discharge on his own responsibility any person who has been certified and entrusted to his care as insane. Such a decision must rest in the first instance with the Discharge Committee of the institution concerned.

But only five days after Robert Orwin had been admitted to this asylum as a lunatic, the doctor in charge put it in writing that he intended to recommend his release at the next meeting of the committee.

The boy had to linger on in the asylum for some weeks until the committee met again, but when it did he was restored at once to his parents and home.

Monstrous

Now the extraordinary suggestion has been made to Mr. and Mrs. Orwin that their son was better off in the institution where he was detained than he would have been in a municipal hospital

This kind of defence by the authorities is monstrous and only adds insult to a terrible injury. It is an absurd excuse to offer for the certification and detention as a lunatic of a boy suffering only from under-nourishment produced by meanness in granting him adequate relief and sustenance.

Clearly this occurrence is far too grave to be allowed to pass without the highest official investigation Sir Kingsley Wood, the Minister of Health is confronted with as dramatic a challenge as has ever been made to the poor law and lunacy services. It can only be properly met by setting up a full and *public* enquiry into the facts which we relate.

SINISTER *Seaside* GANG

"BEWARE the Seaside Spray Gang." This is a timely warning for those now spending their holidays at our coastal resorts. Investigations show that the gang has already started its campaign and has lately operated in Blackpool.

There are four members of the gang and their methods are simple. They concentrate on one of the most popular of the expensive hotels in the town and make their working headquarters the cocktail bar or the lounge.

The leader is a man of charm and personal magnetism—he is, in fact, the typical "good fellow" who makes friends easily wherever he goes.

He becomes popular with everybody in a short space of time and his eagerness to stand drinks to anybody who happens to look into the lounge or the cocktail bar increases his popularity.

Later in the evening one of the guests returning to the lounge discovers a small circle of white powder on the right breast of his dinner jacket. Even as he begins to dust off the powder, he realises that his wallet has gone!

At this the whole company expresses surprise and sympathy, including members of the gang, who without hesitation offer to do all in their power to solve the mystery of the missing wallet.

The members of the gang make their working headquarters in the cocktail bar

Eventually the party retires for the night, when another guest may find a circle of white powder on the outside of his hip pocket, from which has wallet containing £20 has gone!

He goes in search of the hotel manager and his money. He finds the first but not the latter.

In the morning two women guests produce evening bags which have been rifled and which both show on the outside a white circle of powder.

The gang has, in fact, made a haul of about £60 in a few hours and, during the night, has disappeared in a car, probably for another resort where similar tactics are certain to be employed

Enquiries suggest that the methods of the gang are both simple and ingenious The leader, having watched closely where the intended victims carry their money, contrives to place his "mark" upon the spot and facilitate the work of his confederates, who are all expert pickpockets.

We have outlined the methods of the powder gang in some detail because they are particularly active just now.

Not that they are the only crooks who are on the prowl at the seaside. Many cheats, rascals and charlatans of greater or lesser degree are looking forward to a fruitful season, and it behoves holiday-makers everywhere to be well on their guard.

PLAYER'S
NAVY CUT
ER'S
IUM"
CUT
AYER'S
EDIUM
VY CUT
See the name
PLAYER'S
There is only one genuine Player's "Medium" Navy Cut—Make sure you get PLAYER'S by seeing the lifebuoy trademark on the packet and the words PLAYER'S "MEDIUM" NAVY CUT on each Cigarette
NOC 34 SA

The CITY of *Beautiful* SPOOFS

EVER since I took over the direction of the Investigation Department of JOHN BULL, I have been astonished at the number and variety of schemes to obtain money from the public, which originate in the city of Liverpool.

It may be that persons with strange propositions rely upon it as a particularly good address from which to operate and to inspire confidence because of the high reputation of the great commercial and benevolent organisations which have their headquarters there.

That Liverpool is used mainly as a kind of accommodation address is obvious from the fact that the queer enterprises which come to light are seldom addressed to the citizens. The appeals, of whatever nature, are usually made to the rest of the country, and often I have found that, because of this, even the local authorities have no knowledge of what is emanating from their famous city.

This week I have completed enquiries into the three newest ventures that have sprung up, each as peculiarly colourful as it is different from the others.

Appeal for funds

Let me introduce you, first, to the most bizarre, pseudo-religious body whose activities I have ever had to examine. It is named the Iwa Evangelical Missionary Society, and its appeals for funds and donations have lately gone far and wide over the country.

The money is being sought to give practical instruction on the basis of Christian civilisation to the primitive naked tribes of the African deserts and to promote the welfare of the coloured community and their children and dependants in Britain.

My first doubts about the merits of the money-raising campaign of this society occurred when I could find no trace whatever of the Iwa Congregational Church of St. John, with which it is stated to be associated, and which is supposed to have branches in places like London, Manchester, Liverpool and Nottingham.

It is completely unknown to organised Congregationalism, and I was more perplexed when I found that even the existence of the Missionary Society was not known to such bodies as the International Missionary Council, the London Missionary Society, the Charity Organisation Society, or the Council of Social Service.

When I caused enquiries to be made at No. 25, Nile Street, Liverpool, from which the Iwa Society is administered, it was to discover that this is a humble dwelling-house and that the offices consist of two rooms, unfurnished except for three chairs in each and a copy of the Bible and of "Daily Meditations."

Locked rooms

It is also the residence of a coloured man named Abdul Karim Kpakpa-Quartey. To my representative who called there the place was described by a white woman secretary as a guest house for native Africans in Britain, but, it was added, all the rooms reserved for that purpose were locked and could not be exhibited.

The Iwa Missionary Society is, in fact, only a unit of a commercial-political-religious trinity of organisations which Kpakpa-Quartey has founded since he arrived in this country about six months ago.

One is a Trade Development Company for the importation, among other things, of palm oil, cocoa beans, ginger, ivory and mahogany logs. The status and affairs of this concern are not, of course, in any way in question.

The third organisation which Kpakpa-Quartey has created during his brief sojourn in Britain is called the National Union of Empire Africans. The Colonial Office knows nothing about this body, but it should become interested in its affairs because the founder declares that the legitimate aspirations of African subjects mean nothing to the minds of British statesmen and are regarded by them as nothing to reckon with.

Kpakpa-Quartey has optimistically set out to obtain not less than £1,000,000 from the charitably minded people of this country for his Union of Africans.

This blend of evangelism, politics and business is too vague and haphazard to justify the widespread solicitation for money that is going on. I have no hesitation in advising that the flow of donations to the Iwa Missionary Society and its adjuncts should cease until Kpakpa-Quartey is prepared to disclose his exact intentions for the approval of some such body as the International Missionary Council.

Another concern which has chosen Liverpool for its cradle and which is using somewhat disquieting methods to obtain capital has for its object the marketing of a tabocco substitute.

The company calls itself Smokex (Parent) Syndicate, Ltd., and it has made its home in a disused dance hall at Seaforth. Money is being obtained to introduce this artificial tobacco to the public by offering jobs to unemployed people in exchange for deposits or investments of £25 and £50.

When one applicant for work asked why money was required when the only job offered to him was that of filling cartons, he was given the usual excuse that, as the business expanded, he might be required to handle large sums of cash. His offer to provide a fidelity bond was not entertained.

Smokex has been brought into existence by Mr. J. Baines, who is eighty-two years old, and is described as a life-time company promoter.

It is reprehensible that he should have resorted to this method of acquiring capital, because his experience must make him aware that he is engaged on nothing more than a gambling proposition.

Synthetic tobacco

Many attempts to put a cheap synthetic tobacco on the market have failed, and the speculative nature of Baines' business is emphasised by the fact that he intends to distribute his product on the sale or return principle.

He can offer no guarantee whatever to employee-investors for the return of their money. Indeed, a representative whom I sent to the former dance hall was told, "If the company flops, so will they."

One man who sought employment asked, before parting with his money, to be shown round the premises of Smokex. He was told that was impossible because of the "secret processes" which were in operation. All that my representative found in the place were a few sacks of herbs which are sprayed with the essence of orris root and tonquin beans.

In a one-room office at South Castle Street, Liverpool, sits the man for whom all Britain is looking. His name is Mr. R. Gibbs, and, trading as Business Agencies, which has not even been registered in accordance with the law, he poses as a universal provider of work.

Persons who respond to his preliminary advertisements in different parts of the country are asked to believe that he is acting on behalf of a vast company which will shortly be opening departmental stores and shops all over the land.

Gibbs can freely offer employment in posts as branch managers, buyers, travellers, typists, clerks, bookkeepers, inspectors, collectors and what not, and all he requires is 10s. as an investigation fee for a fidelity bond.

He represents himself to be a Cantab M.A., a solicitor, and a chartered accountant, and he becomes much greedier when he finds that anyone who takes the bait of his advertisements possesses any substantial sum of money.

To them he offers partnerships or shares either in his own or other equally mysterious businesses. One of the latter he describes as an international trading organisation with immense resources, but regarding the identity of which he is too perplexingly vague.

Notwithstanding his legal pretensions, Gibbs advises his dupes to have no truck with solicitors. When he fails to induce unemployed people to accept his first propositions he produces a still more remarkable one.

It is that they should withdraw their money from the bank and allow him to become their private banker, paying interest of not less than 25 per cent.

And if that fails, he tempts them to enter into a supposed stock exchange transaction, with maximum stakes of £250, by which they are assured of a profit of from 50 to 100 per cent. in six days.

Gibbs emphasises to prospective unemployed clients that they should bring their money with them to his office.

"I hardly think you realise the possibilities that exist in the finance world of to-day," Gibbs writes to one correspondent.

But I can well imagine the possibilities open to Gibbs if the authorities do not quickly take steps to suppress him.

A strangely assorted trio of schemes, indeed, embracing solutions for unemployment, missionary work in Africa and a substitute for tobacco!

Weekly Informations by Sir Wyndham Childs

Six-foot SWINDLER

TO-DAY South Wales is a happy hunting-ground for petty tricksters of all kinds, and complaints of being defrauded are pouring in from small tradesmen, etc.

For sheer effrontery, however, it would be difficult to beat a man who defrauded a woman shopkeeper at Adamsdown, Cardiff.

The man walked into the little general shop kept by the woman and asked if she could "put him up for the night."

He explained that he was down on a "big job," and, after she had agreed to board him, he said he could employ her husband for five or six months.

He added that he could find work for a young man as well and the woman offered to find one.

Later, he stated his wage cheque had not come through and asked her to loan him £3 10s. to "pay off his men." The money was given him, and the man then said he had to meet his lorry at Rumney Common, near Cardiff. He asked the woman's husband and the young man to accompany him.

The three went to the common, but, after waiting several hours, no lorry turned up.

The man suggested that it had probably had a breakdown, and further suggested they should go to a kinema. From the kinema they returned to the shop.

On the following morning, after breakfast, the man left—and did not return. Later it was discovered that £2 10s. was missing from the woman shopkeeper's purse.

Others should be on their guard against him. He is described as being over 6 ft. tall and as weighing about 15 st. or 16 st.

Amazing Traffic in 'White Hopes'..

BOXERS Like C

Big Boxing with the Lid Off (5)

—by—

Dave Forbes

Scotland's undefeated light-heavyweight champion

I WONDER what the sporting public would say if a football team like Sunderland failed to meet six of the teams in its own division of the league and yet claimed the league championship.

Or if the Surrey cricket team insisted on picking Surrey umpires of its own choice. Or if a brilliant tennis player couldn't get a chance at Wimbledon because a worse player was likely to draw a bigger crowd.

How the followers of those games would laugh if such things went on. Yet this happens in boxing every day of the week.

He does it all!

The efficient machine that is in the background of every other sport to ensure that every team or individual shall have an equal chance is just a hopeless piece of scrap-iron in the case of what we call "the typical British sport" of boxing, even if there are a few well-cut cogs doing their best to work amid the debris of it all.

In boxing the public is encouraged to regard a particular fighter as the top of his class when far stronger opponents than those he is meeting cannot get a chance of a match with him. You can't imagine anything like that in any other sport.

Also, the promoter of a fight will not only decide whom a man is to meet, but will pick the referee, too. Fancy an individual whose chief aim is profit-making being allowed to do that in other games!

In fact, the promoter, who may be financially interested in the success of one of two men who are to fight in his hall, is actually in the position not only of picking but of hiring the man who is to say whether that man wins or loses, which is enough to keep the majority of fighters in the doldrums of suspicion.

Let us watch a big fight, and all the rest of the night's programme, in the making. It will open your eyes, especially if you are one of the people who have deluded themselves into believing that a boxer advances to championship success up a ladder of merit.

"Built up"

The negotiations in the majority of cases take place in the offices of the fight promoter, which may be a pleasant suite in an office block, an old shop in a boxing quarter with its windows plastered with boxing posters, or a room attached to the boxing hall.

I have often seen the negotiators push their way into the building through a crowd of boxers who, having gone months without fights, and therefore without proper food, have turned up to make personal pleas for work.

Usually their courage fails them. They stand there listlessly, and look dumbly surprised if one of their number flames up sufficiently to say: "For gawd's sake, give us a break, guv'nor," as one of the Great I-ams pushes through.

Well, into the office comes the matchmaker, the man whose duty it is to arrange the fixture list, to borrow a phrase used in other sports, and which, as far as most other games are concerned, is usually done by the governing body.

You would think, therefore, that he would be some responsible official of the governing body of boxing. Nothing of the kind. He is a paid employee of the boxing promoter.

And his job is not finding latent talent, helping a meritorious fighter along to higher honours, seeing that a "big shot" is not consistently turning a blind eye to the challenges of a good man who he thinks might beat him. No, it is not his duty to make fixtures for the good of British boxing or boxers.

What he has to do is to provide good entertainment for the benefit of his employer's pocket and therefore for the security of his own job, so that in the majority of cases he is going to pick for the big fight of the evening cheap men who have been "built up" by dubious methods I have already described, or veterans of good name who will work for next to nothing because they are on the wane, rather than lads who might one day meet Petersen if properly encouraged, or one day enhance Britain's boxing prestige abroad.

And so lads hunger for jobs and never get them, although they thoroughly deserve them. So, too, champions like Petersen fret and worry because they don't know where suitable opponents are coming from, and the boxing public is all too quick to blame the big boxer if he takes too long between fights.

There, in addition, is one reason why some man who you thought fought as well as any champion in one of the preliminary fights of a boxing programme never got a chance to meet a champion, and never will.

If there is a ladder to the top of British boxing, all the bottom rungs have been cut away. And on the rungs that still remain boxing ability is of too little consequence and box-office personality too much.

Crude methods

Well, the big fight will have been arranged while I am telling you this. It will look very attractive, too. You will almost be persuaded by high-powered publicity methods that you are going to see a fight that really matters.

Now the other fights on the programme must be fixed. How is that done?

By methods cruder and less human, in many cases, than you will see round the fat-stock pen of an auctioneer in some cattle market. Yes, these men are often sold like so many beasts.

Let me draw a picture of what I have actually seen. It is happening every day of the week.

Before the match-maker sits a manager who may have anything from thirty to a hundred boxers under his control, so many that he can't remember the names of them. And your manager represents your one chance of getting a living, if you are a boxer.

He may know nothing at all about boxing, yet here he is trying to sell as many of his fighters as possible for that particular programme.

One of his boxers may already be under contract to fight three days before the programme he is now helping to arrange. He might get such a hiding on that occasion that another fight three days later might begin that dry rot that is rarely stemmed when once it begins in a fighter.

Many of these managers don't care. If lads go out because beatings they should never have experienced ruin their nerve, because punch drunkenness assails them, or for any other reason, there are always new lads coming along to pay a percentage of their earnings away until they, in turn, go out.

Ten shillings

Here, then, he sits with his list of boxers before him. And the matchmaker, looking up from a blank of the night's programme, speaks to him.

"I could do with an eight-stone sixer," he says. "What'ya got?"

The manager mentions a name. "He's a good lad. Take anything that comes in the way of hidings. And I'd like to do him a good turn because he hasn't had a fight for weeks." And the matchmaker answers with: "I'm not a ruddy charity organisation."

The manager studies his list again: mentions another name. "Him?" says the matchmaker. "Got his eyes too much on the money. I wouldn't touch him with a barge pole."

A third name is spoken. "He'll last out all right, because he's a game 'un, but he doesn't stand a dog's chance."

And the matchmaker answers: "Well, we want real scraps sometimes, don't we?" mentions a figure that may be as low as ten shillings, and that youthful aspirant to boxing fame who is probably dreaming dreams of a great fighting future, gets a postcard telling him to be at the boxing hall at a certain time.

"I could do with something cheap round about ten stone," says the matchmaker.

Then a little later: "What'ya got at eleven six that isn't going to break us?"

And so — the referees being chosen in much the same way as the boxers—the matchmaking goes on.

Shades of Wimbledon, with its careful seeding of players: of cricket's selection committee, watching, studying, testing so that the right man will get his chance; of the Football League making the next season's fixtures as if it were a government concerned with the lives and welfare of millions.

By such means as this has Britain lost its boxing prestige abroad.

Can you wonder at the fact that the whole British Empire has now only one world title left to it—and that the *fly-weight* title held by Benny Lynch—and that after many years without any world title at all?

Or that American boxing's official organ should say last month: "There hardly seems to be a boxer of any class or of no class in England to-day who isn't thinking about passports and visas."

Let us look still more into this machinery of British boxing—or lack of it.

At the managers, for instance: not in their own offices, for the majority of them, even men who are supposed to be managing dozens of boxers, have no such luxury.

I have known men who have started to manage for no other reason than that they failed as bookmakers, or tipsters, or touts. I have kn... they ha... at the ... Let m... typical ... have in... hundred... He ac... under h... when h... gratulat... sturdin... That, I...

In many cases they have it all in their hands — the dubious promoter and the unscrupulous manager. And the poor boxer can take the pittance offered, or starve

JULY 4, 1936

...OXERS BOUGHT Like CATTLE

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In many cases they have it all in their hands — the dubious promoter and the unscrupulous manager. And the poor boxer can take the pittance offered, or starve

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Let me describe one man who is typical of scores, who between them have in their hands the destinies of hundreds of fighters.

He actually had dozens of boxers under his management at a time when he spoke proudly and congratulatingly of the thickness and sturdiness of a heavyweight's legs. That, I might tell you, reaches the acme of boxing ignorance, since the necessity of a boxer having the preponderance of weight over the waist-line is so great that they will try to sweat their legs thin if it can't be accomplished in any other way.

How could such a man as that nurse a budding champion to success through the difficult years when one gruelling fight with a man far his superior might drive him out of the ring so far as everything but small preliminary bouts and boxing booth work is concerned?

On his list were quite a number of big money men, a whole crowd of men in the pound or two-pound a fight category, and a horde of boys who were paid in shillings—from whom he drew his rake-off under the label of "expenses," since you are not supposed to deduct commission from such infinitesimal earnings.

Many of his boys had been signed up by him within a few days of their twenty-first birthdays, often in ignorance that they were signing away a big part of their future earnings and putting their destinies into the hands of one man, and not to an efficient or well-meaning a man at that.

In ignorance

Those who were prepared to work without asking any questions about money found plenty of work—too much, in fact, if they were to make their boxing careers last any length of time. As to the others, well, he just kept failing to find them work. He used the hunger cure to compel them to fight for the little money he wanted to give them.

Now the rules of the game say that he—and every other manager—should secure a boxer's signature to a contract. This man never did. I should say that three out of five managers in this country never do.

He kept them in complete ignorance of the amount for which they were fighting. Worse. On occasions he told them they were getting £5 when they were due to get £15, or £10 when they were really entitled to three times that figure.

It is well known throughout the boxing world that that is going on on a vast scale. In fact, most people connected with the sport know the famous true story of a well-known boxer who found his manager out in such a deception under queer circumstances.

This boy was walking along the promenade of a seaside town the day after a fight which he had won when he ran into the promoter of the show.

Wives . .

"By the way, your manager hasn't collected yet," said the promoter. "Come round to my office and I will give it you now."

He did, and had a cheque for £50 put into his hands. And his manager had told him that the fight had been fixed up at £20.

Pitiful are some of the meannesses I have known managers sink to, even towards men whose fighting has brought them in thousands of pounds.

One, for instance, fixed one of his boxers up for a fight on a percentage-of-the-gate basis, persuaded the fighter himself into selling £300 worth of tickets for the affair to his acquaintances and friends, and was then caught bilking him of half the money due to him.

The boxer found out by getting his wife into the box office under an assumed name, which was extraordinarily enterprising for a man belonging to the most guileless and trusting profession in the world.

That same woman, by the way, when told by a provincial fight promoter that half the seats in the hall were "complimentary," which means that the occupants of them hadn't paid a penny for them, conducted a little test of her own, which included canvassing a specimen row, to ascertain the truth of the statement or otherwise.

The result of her vigilance was to show it to be "all boloney," and yet another effort to trick the boxer.

And that brings me to another strange feature about many managers I know. Why do they fight tooth and nail to stop any boxer who is fairly remunerative to them from marrying?

Strange belief

One or two, I admit, do hold the strange belief that if a lad marries his boxing is bound to suffer. Kearns thought that. The marrying question was the rock on which he split with Jack Dempsey, although there are plenty of instances known throughout the sport of boxers fighting better after they have married than before, spurred on, no doubt, by the necessity of maintaining a home.

But there are other reasons, and I have heard them from the lips of managers themselves.

When boxers do marry it is usually to girls who—whether they be chorus girls, shop assistants, barmaids, nurses or what—have very sensible little heads screwed on their shoulders. They are often girls who have had to fight to live.

When they hear that their husbands are going to top the bill before a crowd of some thousands for four or five pounds, they have enough knowledge of simple economics to know that there is something wrong somewhere. And they will go to the manager, the promoter—to anybody, as long as there is a hope of results—to find out why.

I have known boxers to make double money from the moment they have married a girl who has not been afraid to speak up on behalf of a boxer husband.

The Noble Art

"Keep the boxer simple," is one of the rules of life of some of the managers I am describing. That is all very well, but they can't make him marry a woman who is simple as well.

And so they so often try the tactics: "If you marry I won't find you another job. I doubt whether I shall be able to."

Yes, they are keeping the boxer simple all right.

They are telling him now that if he joins his union and insists on a fair return for his fighting he will be ruining the sport. Some of them have added, since this series of articles began, that Dave Forbes is doing his best to smash up the game.

Well, let it be ruined—for them.

It will be a better sport for the public, the boxer, and the honest promoters and managers with them out of the way.

It will cease to be the Ignoble Graft and become the Noble Art once again.

Next Week:

How I'd Clean Up Boxing

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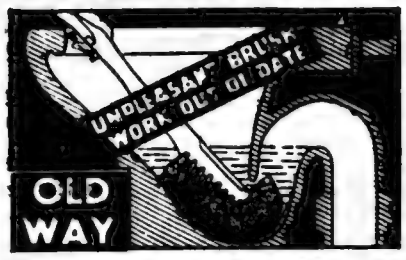
Dept. 20

How do you clean it?



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Beginning our Great Real

Here is a new kind of serial—a personal narrative of real life adventure. The setting is the Great Sahara; the author a British member of L'Espionnage Central, a secret service offshoot of the French Foreign Legion.

We hold no brief for "Operator 1384" or the spy organisation he served, but we present his story for the interesting sidelights it throws upon a little-known organisation for suppressing the white slave and drug traffic in Northern Africa.

by

SECRET SERVICE 'OPERATOR 1384'

THE man who receives his *carte d'identité* as an agent of *L'Espionnage Central*, the Secret Service of the French Foreign Legion, must be prepared to do anything in the execution of his duty.

The first lesson which he has to learn is that failure in any task allotted to him is considered a crime, the one above all others which will inevitably bring swift and ruthless punishment.

By what means he succeeds is of no interest to the powers that be; all that matters is success.

He must be prepared, without the least demur, to play the spy against anyone; to lie and torture and kill for the honour of the country he is serving.

I had been on a few weeks' leave and was sitting in a café at Ghardaia, wondering what my next job would be. With me was McCann, my American friend, who had enlisted in the Legion at the same time and had subsequently been transferred to *L'Espionnage Central* with me.

It would take a long string of adjectives to give an adequate description of the tall American, with his unruly, tousled hair, his humorous blue eyes, his huge mouth, his immense fists, his soft, slow Southern drawl and his almost perpetual grin.

He was a great fighter, a great lover, a great drinker and a great friend, and had served his apprenticeship to all these arts in South and Central America before he had joined the League in search of what he was pleased to call "a kick out of life."

Traffic

McCann and I had received instructions that when we reached Ghardaia after our leave we were to report to Captain Ducane, under whose orders we were working at that time.

When we had finished our wine we made our way to the offices of the *Bureau Arabe*, the organisation, all-powerful in North Africa, which administers the country on behalf of the French Republic.

Ducane gave us a warm welcome. He was, without exception, the finest officer under whom I worked throughout the years I spent in the Foreign Legion.

"In an hour," he announced, "we are leaving for El Golea. That will be our starting-point, though there is no knowing where we may get to before we are through with this business.

"I have received instructions that we are to lend a hand to the Narcotic Squad."

The Narcotic Squad is a special body of men whose duty it is to suppress, or at least keep decently out of sight, the activities of the dealers in opium, cocaine, hashish and other drugs, in which an enormous traffic is carried on in North Africa.

The traffic in drugs and the traffic in white slaves are run more or less in conjunction with each other, and Ducane went on to explain that instructions had come through from Paris that steps were to be taken immediately to clean up the whole business, which had recently been getting out of hand and attracting unwelcome attention in other countries.

"My orders are," added Ducane, "that we are to travel by camels."

Instantly there was consternation on McCann's face. "Listen, Captain," he said. "I guess I don't mind riding a horse or foot-slogging, but if I've gotta ride a camel—well, I'd sure prefer to crawl there on my hands and knees."

"Don't worry, McCann," smiled Ducane. "For your sake I have decided to disobey orders and we shall travel on horses. Go over to the stables, pick the five best horses that are there, and see that the two spare ones are loaded with water. I shall be ready in an hour."

An hour later, the three of us, with the two spare horses laden with water, were riding across the desert in the direction of El Golea. We were dressed in civilian clothes, but each of us wore a burnous over them. After a couple of hours' riding we gave the horses a rest and a drink, washed out their mouths, and continued our ride.

We must have been about sixty miles from our destination when I noticed something lying on the sand away to my right. I pointed it out to Ducane and we rode towards it. As we drew closer I saw that it was a man.

We got off our horses, drew our Mauser pistols and waited, keeping a sharp look-out in every direction. In the desert there is no knowing what may lie beyond the ridge of a sand dune, and the figure of an Arab lying on the sand may be no more than a bait to lead the unwary into a trap cunningly set for them by some marauding band of Arabs.

Many a man has lost his life by incautiously going to the help of an Arab who he imagined had collapsed from exhaustion. Nothing happened, and, after several minutes we kicked our horses' legs from under them and proceeded to investigate.

"Try and get round behind the sand dune, Ewington," said Ducane. "McCann and I will cover you."

They lay down behind the horses, ready to open fire with their Mausers at the least sign of anything amiss, and flinging myself on the sand, I crawled towards the motionless figure of the Arab.

The figure made no movement, but I had had too much experience of motionless Arabs to take the least risk.

I picked up a small chip of rock and flung it at the figure. It struck him on the body and he gave a long, loud groan. I got to my feet and ran forward, pistol in hand.

The man was lying face downwards, his head resting on his crossed arms. I stirred him with my foot; then, as he still gave no sign of being aware of me, I turned him over on his back.

Instantly I realised that this was no Arab. He was a white man, and as I looked at his face a sickening sensation of horror swept over me.

Sightless

The Arabs had been at him, and the world holds no more fiendish torturer than an Arab—except an Arab woman. The poor devil at my feet was obviously the victim of Arab torture. His eyes had been gouged out of his head, and from the empty sockets blood was still trickling down his cheeks.

I called to Ducane and McCann, who still lay behind the horses, covering me with their Mausers, and then turned my attention to the poor wretch that lay stretched on the sand. I took off my water-bottle, forced some water between his lips and poured some over his face.

Ducane came running up. "What have you got there, an Arab?"

"No, sir, a white man."

Ducane knelt down and peered closely into the man's face. "*Nom de Dieu!*" he muttered. "Poor devil!"

"It would be kinder to shoot him, sir."

Ducane shook his head. "We must

Life Serial Story..

VULTURES of the DESERT

"You found me just in time, sir. I can't last long. But I must tell you. . . . The White Tuareg in the Hogger Mountains . . ."

e if he can talk to us first, Barring-n."

Ducane produced a flask of brandy ich he always carried with him, and rced some down the man's throat. He rred, moved his hands, and suddenly sping them over his face, began mut-ring in French. "Who are you?" he manded abruptly.

"We are your friends," replied cane. "Try to tell us what has hap-ned."

ying warning

"You are French? But I can hear u are. Now listen. At once—without ing a moment—you must get me to e captain of the Secret Service."

"It is Captain Ducane of the Secret rvice who is speaking to you. Who e you?"

"I am Lucien—of *L'Espionnage Cen-l.* You found me just in time, sir. can't last long. But I must tell you. e White Tuareg—in the Hogger ountains——".

He slipped away into unconsciousness, d for the next ten minutes the three us worked on him, trying to revive m.

If he had been in the Hogger Moun-ns, among the Tuaregs, it was more an likely that he had information to e us which would be of the utmost portance in the work which we had hand.

The Tuareg country, extending from at to Timbuktu, and from Fezzan to nder, is a country into which few out-ers have penetrated, and from which ll fewer have returned.

Ducane's brandy and the ministra-ns of McCann and myself eventually ought Lucien back to consciousness.

"Come closer, Captain," he whispered, nd listen. I haven't much more time ."

sat on the sand and rested his head my knees, and with Ducane and Cann kneeling beside him, he told us story.

"Captain Deval sent me," he said. "I s to track a couple of traders. They been selling white women and a lot hashish. I followed them as far as the Hogger Mountains. I should have left word where I was going, but I didn't, and I couldn't get word through to Deval, so I decided to chance it and carry on. I followed them for four days.

"On the fifth day I lost sight of them, but I still pushed on. Suddenly, before I realised what was happening, the whole lot of them were on me. I tried to put up a fight, but a crack on the head put me out."

Lucien's voice was very weak and it was hard to catch what he was saying, but piecing his story together as he told it to us, a few words at a time, I gathered that when he recovered from the blow he found himself in a cavern.

His legs were tied, but his hands were free. He was interviewed by one of the slavers, a white man, who told him that if he gave no trouble, he would be well treated, but that any attempt at escape would mean instant death.

He was kept a prisoner in the cavern for several days, during which time he noticed that some of the Tuaregs disappeared into the darkness at the further end of the cavern and did not reappear. He came to the conclusion that there must be some way out of the cavern there, and decided to make an attempt to escape.

One night he untied his feet, rubbed his legs vigorously to restore the circulation, and set out to explore the back of the cavern. He found an opening which led into a maze of passages. Groping his way along in the darkness, he stumbled and fell through a hole in the ground.

Escape

"I was badly shaken," he went on, "and as I lay there, trying to pull myself together, I noticed a ray of light coming from behind me. I found that it came from a hole which was just about big enough for a man to crawl through. I crawled through it and found myself in a little valley surrounded by massive rocks.

"There was a big house—a sort of palace. Several women were standing outside it, and when I looked more closely at them I saw that they were white women—Arab women, but white-skinned and blue-eyed. I was about to go forward, when I felt myself seized, and half a dozen men dragged me back into the cavern.

"They told me that I should be put to death. But they were not allowed to kill me. A tall man came into the cavern.

"He was a white man, but he was dressed as a Tuareg and seemed to be their leader. He told them that they were not to kill me, but they could do anything else to me they liked. That night they put out my eyes, brought me into the desert and left me."

He was silent for several minutes, and I thought he had lapsed into unconsciousness again; and then his lips moved and I heard him whisper: "The White Tuareg, Captain. There's big trouble coming——"

Suddenly I felt him stiffen in my arms.

We buried him in the sand, and so that the jackals should not disturb the body, piled as many rocks as we could find over the grave. Then, all of us inclined to be silent, we set out again towards El Golea.

A couple of hours later we reached El Golea, a strange little desert town which, for some unknown reason, seems to be gradually passing out of existence. Most of the tribes who live there are nomads.

It was strange to see tall wireless masts and hear the drone of the dynamos in this distant desert town, but the bands of Arabs that wander over the Sahara in search of someone to rob so frequently cut the telegraph wires that the French found it more economical to go to the expense of installing wireless apparatus than continually to spend money on repairs. Thus the whole of the Sahara is now linked up by wireless.

Rumours

We went to the Commandant's office and enquired for Captain Deval. The Commandant informed us that Deval had left the Military Post two days ago and had not been heard of since. His quarters had been searched, and in them had been found a slip of paper on which was written the words "Beware of the White Tuareg."

"Who is this White Tuareg, Commandant?" enquired Ducane. "Have you heard anything about him?"

"Only rumours," replied the Commandant. "There's supposed to be some white man who joined the Tuaregs and gradually, by his courage and fighting qualities, worked his way up, first to the position of a Tuareg noble and eventually to that of lead."

Ducane told him the story which we had heard from the lips of Lucien, and we agreed, after discussing the matter, that everything pointed to the fact that there was such a person as a white Tuareg and that he must be working in close co-operation with the slavers and dope runners whom we were out to catch.

Lucien, before he died, had definitely warned us against the White Tuareg, and no agent of *L'Espionnage Central* would have done that unless he had reliable information.

Ducane decided that we would push

(Continued overleaf)

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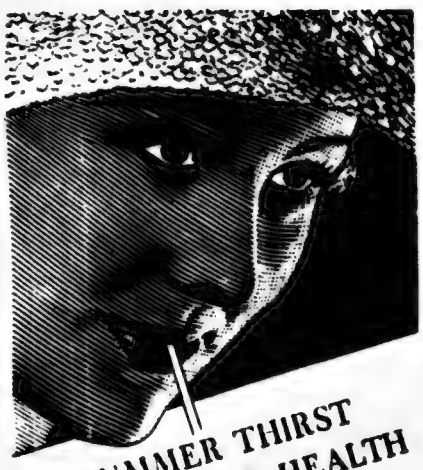

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THE BLOND HAIR SHAMPOO

Continuing—VULTURES of the DESERT

THE WHITE TUAREG—*renegade white chieftain of the Arab traffickers. In next week's thrilling instalment, "Operator 1384" and his reckless companion McCann, pursuing their investigations, are plunged into a breathless adventure at a secret sale of slaves, barely escaping with their lives.*

on to In Salah, where he would consult the *Bureau Arabe* as to what our next step should be. The Military Post at El Golea boasted one aeroplane, a decrepit old bomber, which, but for the French Government's craze for economy, would have been thrown on the scrap-heap.

For about an hour and a half the old machine kept going more or less steadily at a speed of about eighty miles an hour; and then the engine started missing, gradually got worse until it was doing little else than miss, and eventually, with a final feeble splutter, gave up the struggle.

Ducane signalled to us that he was about to descend. He made a beautiful landing on the hard, smooth sand, and the three of us got out and began to make an examination of the machine. It did not take us long to discover the cause of the trouble.

We found quite a fair-sized hole in the petrol tank, and we must have left a trail of petrol across the Sahara from the very moment when we had left the ground at El Golea. The marvel was that the antiquated old machine had not burst into flames in mid-air.

"We are a hundred and fifty miles from In Salah," said Ducane. "There's nothing for it now but to walk."

We set off, putting as cheerful a face on the situation as we could. We had only two water-bottles between the three of us.

None of us knew the country well, and if we came across an oasis where we could replenish our water supply, it would only be by chance.

Hour after hour we trudged on, hoping, but feeling none too sure, that we were travelling in the right direction.

Night came on, and we lay down to rest for a few hours. Then we set off once more, and it was not until dawn was breaking that we halted again.

Ordeal

I was beginning to feel the strain, but Ducane insisted that we must press on.

We shared our last drop of water, and I knew that now there was nothing for it but to keep going until we could go no farther. Every minute spent in resting meant a minute longer before we could get water again.

But my feet seemed to be on fire, my tongue was swollen to twice its normal size, my whole body ached intolerably, and I didn't care what happened to me.

Suddenly I stood still and grasped Ducane's shoulder.

"Look, sir," I explained excitedly, pointing ahead. "Trees!" It's an oasis, and there may be water——"

"Haw, shucks!" exclaimed McCann. "Don't listen to him, Captain. The poor sap don't know a mirage when he sees one."

The disappointment at finding that I had been tricked by a mirage was the last straw. My head seemed on the point of bursting, the sand heaving, the horizon rising and falling as though the whole desert were tilting and dipping, and I suddenly collapsed in a heap. Very faintly, as though it were coming to me across immense distances, I heard McCann's voice.

"Kim on, son!" he urged. "Get a grip on yourself. You can't pass out on a pal like this. For the love of Mike, son, you just gotta keep going."

And then came Ducane's voice: "Get up, Barrington—do you hear me? I am ordering you to get up."

What did I care about orders? If the whole of the Secret Service had stood there ordering me to get up I shouldn't have taken any notice. I just wanted to lie where I was and be left alone.

I felt myself lifted and set on my feet, and the next instant a massive hand, which could only belong to McCann, struck me sharply on the face.

"Walk, sucker!" bellowed McCann. "Walk, you goldarned limey! If you don't walk I'll sure get behind you and kick you three times round the Sahara." Then more gently: "Kim on, son! It's me—Mac. If you don't start walking, son, I'll sure have to carry you, and that'll be just too bad for me."

I forced my eyes open and saw McCann, his face streaming with sweat and his eyes wild and red-lidded, staring at me with a look of almost ludicrous consternation on his face.

"All right, Mac," I said. "Sorry. But I'm feeling better now."

The Tuaregs!

"Betcha sweet life you are!" grinned McCann. "You look a real picture of health, don't he, Captain? And if you don't start walking pretty soon, son, I'll sure get busy with my boot."

I summoned all my strength and made the effort; and very slowly we continued on our way.

We had not gone very far when we saw a group of camel riders coming quickly towards us.

"Tuaregs," said Ducane, "by the look of them."

"Then this is where we get it in the neck, sir," I said.

"You're telling me?" exclaimed McCann. "If those guys have got any water, this is where they part with it, son." He drew his gun. "I guess it's a real lousy Mauser that can't get a guy a drink."

"Steady, McCann," said Ducane. "Don't fire unless we have to. We're dressed as civilians, not as soldiers, and there's just a chance they may help us. We'll ask them first, anyway."

As they drew nearer I could see that they were Tuaregs, who were far more likely to murder us and rifle our bodies than supply us with water.

A short distance from us the leader of the band halted, and the rest of them came on and formed a ring round us. One of them, without speaking a word, handed me a water-bottle, and each of us took a good, long pull. Never had water tasted so good.

"Greetings, brother!" said Ducane, addressing the man who had handed me the water-bottle. "We have lost our way and are in need of help."

"Greetings, brother!" replied the Tuareg. "It is the wish of our leader that we should give you help."

I was surprised to hear that. A Tuareg, as a rule, would far rather cut the throat of a white man than help him, and when he signed to us to mount camels, I had an uncomfortable feeling that some mischief was afoot.

But we were all terribly weak, and to refuse would only mean that they would leave us where we were without the least chance of reaching In Salah alive, so we mounted the camels; the Tuaregs, for safety's sake, tied us firmly in the saddles, and a few moments later we were being rushed at a break-neck speed across the desert.

At last the leader called a halt, and the Tuaregs informed us that we were now no more than twenty miles from In Salah, and that their leader had instructed them to give us two of their oldest camels to take us there.

Safe!

Ducane, who had about three thousand francs with him, offered to pay for the animals, but the Tuaregs haughtily refused to accept any payment, swung their camels round, and continued their furious ride, leaving us dazed with our good fortune and hardly able to believe that they had no intention of cutting our throats.

It was McCann who supplied the most likely explanation of the Tuaregs' unusually friendly behaviour. He had taken a good look at the leader, he said, who seemed to be keeping deliberately in the background, and he was convinced that he was a white man.

"I gotta hunch it was the White Tuareg himself," he said. "Maybe he thought it'd be kind of unfriendly to cut the throat of another white man." He grinned. "But I'd sure like to cut his throat," he added, "for making me ride that goldarned camel."

One of the camels had a double saddle, and McCann and I, seated back to back, rode it, and Ducane rode the other; and thus we made our way towards In Salah.

(To be continued)

Greatest of These . .

HARD TIMES

Kathie

SIX-YEAR-OLD Kathie's father, an ex-Service man who served in the Royal Air Force, died two years ago. He commuted the small pension he received for a wounded arm for about £70.

Having a large family, the money soon dwindled away, and, being unable to obtain work on account of his disability, he earned what he could by making paper flowers. As this was not an insurable occupation, his widow receives no pension.

Kathie's mother is a respectable, honest, hard-working woman with six children under thirteen.

Conditions, therefore, are very hard for Kathie's family. Her mother writes sadly: "I have been paying a penny or twopence a week for the children to go to the seaside with the Sunday school. My biggest hardship is getting clothes and shoes for them to go in."

Perhaps some of our readers can help?

All donations earmarked "Kathie" or for the General Fund should be addressed to the Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Lists of subscriptions are kept at the office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

THAT'S ME

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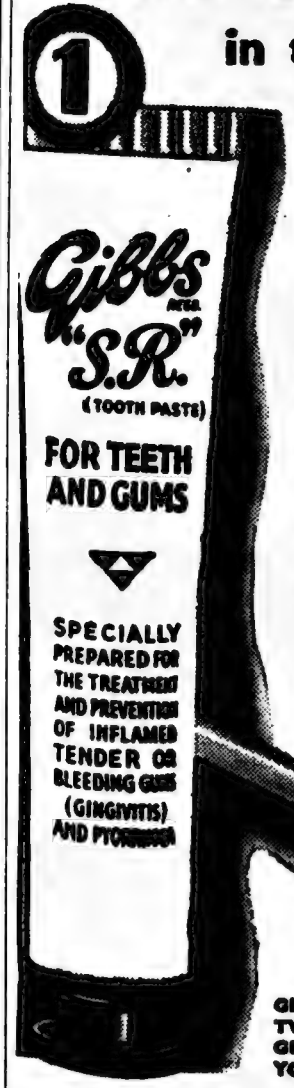
442

Two Staunch Allies

in the winning Fight against Teeth & Mouth Troubles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Gibbs
"S.R."
(TOOTH PASTE)
FOR TEETH AND GUMS
SPECIALLY PREPARED FOR THE TREATMENT AND PREVENTION OF INFLAMED TENDER OR BLEEDING GUMS (GINGIVITIS) AND PYORRHOEA

GIBBS "S.R." TOOTH PASTE contains the specific dentists use for the treatment of Gingivitis, Pyorrhœa and other unhealthy conditions of the gums. It is the only preparation suitable for home use which contains this invaluable specific in correct combination.

Twice daily use of Gibbs "S.R." helps enormously towards a speedy permanent recovery of mouth health. Moreover, Gibbs "S.R." is exceptionally fine for the teeth—removes stubborn stains; does not damage enamel; makes the teeth surprisingly white. Price 1/3 per large tube.

GIBBS PYRAMID TOOTH BRUSH designed in collaboration with highly qualified dentists, has many special features, the chief of which are:

(*a*) Angle of bristles gives essential resilience without need for bristles so hard that they might injure the gums.

(*b*) Brushing surface shaped to clean all surfaces of the teeth effectively.

(*c*) Double curved handle facilitates proper cleaning of inner surfaces of the teeth — especially the lower jaw where tartar forms very readily. Price 1/6.

GET THESE TWO REMARKABLE GIBBS PRODUCTS FROM YOUR CHEMIST TO-DAY

GRB17b

I love Birds!

NOW PACKED IN HALF-PINTS

Do you live in a flat or a small house with limited larder space? Then this new green and white 2½d. packet of Birds Custard is the very thing for you! It contains four separate half-pint envelopes—which means, with only a half-pint of milk you can make a lovely dish of Birds Custard—without any measuring. And what's nicer this weather than stewed fruit—with light refreshing Birds? Do chill it if you've got a refrigerator. It's delicious.

TRY THIS NEW IDEA FREE

Birds feel that this new notion of making Birds Custard in half-pints, without measuring, will prove so useful to you that they want to present you with one of these new packets containing four half-pints, free. Send your address to Birds, Custard Dept. G.Q.27, Thames House, Millbank, London, S.W.1

BIRDS CUSTARD

It's the flavour that makes it the favourite!

For your Pic-Nic Basket....

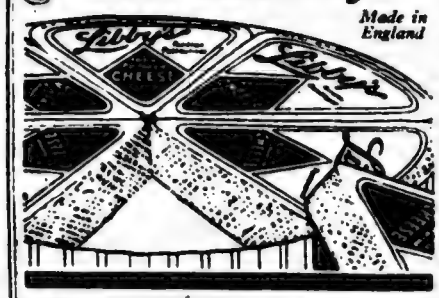
Libby's

PASTEURISED

CHEESE

appetising, wholesome and sustaining

Made in England



L33—66.

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Fill in the Coupon below and get this large

You must see this LARGE FASHION ALBUM

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Containing many styles in Frocks, Coats, etc. Styled for your favourite Film Stars. Wear your favourite Film Star's choice with her autographed label.

DELIGHTFUL FROCK in ART. SILK SMOOTH CREPE

Trimmed White Satin, a value that only J. D. Williams' tremendous purchasing and producing powers can give you. Typical of the thousands of Bargains in the 184-page Fashion Album. Half Guinea Value for 5/-. Saxe and Navy, Green and Maize, Navy and Cherry, Brown and Beige, Green and Black. S. Wms., 34 in. Bust, Lengths 43 or 46 ins. Wms. 38 in. Bust, Lengths 46 or 49 in. **5/-** *Post free*

SATISFACTION OR MONEY BACK

PLEASE SEND ME FREE YOUR FASHION ALBUM

(This Coupon may be sent in unsealed envelope (d. postage).

Mr.....

.....

To ORDER PLEASE ENCLOSE POSTAL ORDER and STATE Please send me OC 33/B.D.

Colour..... Bust..... Length..... Amount enclosed.....

J. D. WILLIAMS & CO. LTD.

Dept. B.D. The Dale St. Warehouses MANCHESTER

Most men and women have some secret chapter in their lives that they have been afraid to reveal to any living soul.

Yet they feel that the mere telling of it would relieve their heart of a burden.

We invite readers to send in for publication at our usual rates their secret personal story, told in about 1,500 words. It will, of course, be

STRICTLY ANONYMOUS..

"Oh what a tangled web we weave
When first we practise to deceive!"

THE well-known words with which I open my confession are among the truest ever written, as I, and others, who have had recourse to deception in order to get out of a difficulty, can testify.

Left parentless when I was only a few months' old baby, I was adopted and brought up by a spinster aunt—the sweetest woman imaginable and my best and truest friend.

I was just twenty-three when I met my future husband.

His age was twenty-seven; he was a successful commercial traveller, and, without being actually good-looking, had the kindest face and eyes of any man I had ever met.

He satisfied my aunt that his means were ample and sufficient to maintain me in as good a home as he was taking me from, and although the nature of his business would only permit him having his week-ends at home for a while, I did not mind.

A few weeks later I was married and settled in a charming flat in a pleasant part of London, which I found a delightful change after a country home, though I missed my aunt terribly just at first.

I SOON settled down comfortably to my new life, and my marriage was happy and successful.

Travelling from place to place through the week, my husband often told me what joy it was to him looking forward to coming back to a *real* home and a wife after years of lodgings and loneliness.

Months passed, and a time came when I was able to tell my husband something that I knew he was longing for as much as I was. The knowledge that I was soon to become a mother had no terrors for me—only a joy I had never known before. As for my husband, his delight was indescribable.

With his usual thought and care for my comfort and safety, he arranged that a month before baby was expected I should go to my aunt, she being glad and willing to look after me and so relieve him of much anxiety.

My baby was born, a fine boy, and a telegram was sent to my husband, who was at a place in the South of England about half a dozen hours' journey away. But without warning, my baby suddenly ceased to breathe, and I knew, with frantic despair and grief, that the tiny body was lifeless, even before the hastily recalled doctor said so.

My grief was indescribable, but in the worst throes of it, I thought even more of the frightful disappointment it would be to my husband. He had so looked forward to having a son, and in an agony of mind, I pictured him coming as fast as express trains would bring him, eager and full of joy.

If only he could be spared the disappointment and cruel grief! And it almost seemed as though my unspoken wish was mysteriously answered.

The doctor had hurried from me to another case, and there the opposite had happened. The mother died, but the baby, a fine healthy boy, was alive.

The unfortunate mother was a lovely girl, without relatives who would notice her, and friendless, and the father of the child was unknown.

The baby was destined for the workhouse, and it was my aunt who made the suggestion that I clutched like a drowning person to a straw. That suggestion was that I should take the baby. Nobody would be any the wiser, and my husband would be spared a terrible disappointment and grief.

But the idea of deceiving him shook me, and had the doctor not told me that I could never hope to have another child of my own, I might not have done it; but that knowledge made me desperate, and the answer to the question I put to him decided me.

"You don't think I shall be doing wrong?" I asked.

"I don't think so," was his grave reply. "A little later on, of course, you must tell your husband the truth—break it to him gently."

Only three people knew the truth—myself, the doctor and my aunt. And any qualms of conscience I had at the deception I was practising were dispelled when I saw my husband's radiant joy. There and then I reconciled myself to deceiving the husband I loved so dearly.

AS the weeks passed into months, I often almost forgot that the baby was not really mine, and although I then really intended to one day tell my husband the truth, I kept postponing the telling, and the longer I put it off, the more difficult the thought of doing so became.

Then my best friend and lifetime confidant—my aunt—died, and a little later the doctor who had aided in my deception also passed away.

I decided to continue the deception and never give my husband (who worshipped the child) an inkling that he was not, in reality, his own flesh and blood.

But my self-imposed burden soon began to weigh heavily upon me. Despite all my care and loving watchfulness, the boy, Robert, began to reveal a disposition that made me more than anxious.

My husband's pained perplexity at the boy's nature, so different from his and mine, often made my guilty conscience squirm. I could only quieten it by hoping the boy would grow out of these ways and be a son a father could be proud of.

When the time came for him to leave school, the firm for which my husband travelled very kindly suggested that our son might like to start in the London office, as he was good at figures and book-keeping.

He did so and had every chance of doing well, but before many months were over I realised, with a feeling of sick despair, that my reaping of the harvest was really just commencing, and the years of deception were going to levy a heavy toll.

More than once Robert came home very late, and I more than suspected that he had been indulging in strong drink.

What was I to do? He had evidently inherited his real parent's nature; and by my own action I was debarred from seeking comfort and help from the first one I should otherwise have flown to for both—my husband.

And now I am face to face with a problem for which only I myself can find the solution. Robert disappeared, and my husband came to me broken up with grief mingled with anger.

OUR "son" had, for a long while past, been deliberately and most systematically robbing his employers. A surprise audit of the books had brought the defalcations to light.

In consideration of my husband's long period of honourable and good service, and the high personal esteem in which he was held, the firm would take no action provided restitution was made.

The amount is large; it will impoverish us to pay it—even put our home in jeopardy. If he knew the truth my husband would probably not consider he was justified in making the big sacrifice.

And ought I to let him? I feel it is my bounden duty to tell him the truth, but I am a coward. Yet I must find courage to do it, even if it means losing his loving trust in me. He will forgive, for his nature is a forgiving one; but...

The price of deceit is a heavy one; somehow I must find courage to pay it!

I CHANGED *my* CHILD

"When I saw how happy he was, I kept postponing the truth . . . it became more and more difficult"

Golden Snaps

Somewhere in your snap collection you may have a picture worth £2,500. Look through them to-day. Select the best and enter them in the *Daily Herald's* Free £2,500 Snapshot Competition.

This colossal price is being offered for a snap and it may quite easily be won by you. In addition to the First, there is a Second Prize of £100 and a Third Prize of £50 and innumerable £2 2s. awards. A Free Entry Form appears in the *Daily Herald* every day.

SHAVE TIME

Why start the day with a rush when by shaving with "Morning Pride" you eliminate soaping, brushing, lathering and rubbing. "Morning Pride" gives you the quickest and cleanest shave you have ever had.

MORNING PRIDE

THE RAZOR [illegible] SHAVING CREAM

TUBES 1/- JARS 1/6

FREE SAMPLE TUBE

Cut out this coupon, attach it to a piece of paper on which your name and address are written plainly and send them with a 1½d. stamp (for postage and packing) to Fassett & Johnson, Ltd. (Dept. A), 86, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.1.

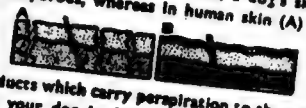
'BARE PATCHES were ruining dog's coat'

Mrs. Butler's dog Whisky was in a very low state. Continually scratching and irritable — bare patches all over the coat — sores showed that eczema was on the way. A dog-shop manager told her that the one certain cure was Bob Martin's. "Whisky was soon as fit as they're made", says Mrs. Butler, "and as for her coat — well, look at her now!"

Mrs. Butler and 'Whisky' in the garden at their Littlehampton home.

Why "Whisky" was seedy

Bare patches on a dog's coat are a sure sign that his blood is loaded with impurities. He cannot rid himself of these impurities by perspiring because, as this diagram shows, a dog's skin (B) is non-porous, whereas in human skin (A) there



are ducts which carry perspiration to the surface. Also your dog is denied the blood correctives found in certain wild grasses and herbage, for these are now beyond his reach. He therefore depends on you to keep him fit — by providing him regularly with the natural blood correctives which are contained in Bob Martin's Condition Powders.

A NEW LEVEL OF FITNESS

Just as Bob Martin's quickly cure bare patches and constant scratching, so they are the proved remedy for all other blood disorders such as listlessness, loss of appetite, and eczema. But the wise owner doesn't drop the treatment as soon as his dog is cured. He adopts the health rule recommended by leading breeders and fanciers and conditions his dog *regularly* by the method originated by Mr. Bob Martin more than 40 years ago. Begin this week-end to follow this simple rule. Give your dog his Bob Martin's three times every Saturday and again on Sunday. Then he will *always* be wonderfully fit — better in spirits, better in looks — a dog you can always point to with pride. (All chemists and dog shops sell Bob Martin's in 6d. packets of 9, and 1/- boxes of 21.)

FREE SAMPLE. *Write, stating breed and age of dog, for free sample and 'Bob Martin's Dog Book,' to Bob Martin Ltd., 41, Union St., Southport, Lancs.*

Regular conditioning means that is when you give your dog

Bob Martin's

3 times EVERY Saturday
3 times EVERY Sunday

THE SEVENTH Bulmer's

MISSING WORDS CONTEST

100 SOLID SILVER TANKARDS FREE

MUST BE WON THIS WEEK

COMPLETE THIS RHYME AND WIN A TANKARD

A for Apples B for Bulmer's C for Cider.
It's so easy to remember when you lunch
Just the very drink for workers (home and city) To send you back again as pleased as Punch! A for Apples, Nature's way to —— the system Making Cider in the famous Bulmer way Gives you —— and —— and clear complexion Drink your apples, meaning BULMER'S, every day!

Write on a postcard what you consider are the best words to complete this advertisement. Add your own name and address and the name and address of your Local Cider Suppliers. Send to H. P. Bulmer & Co., Ltd., Dept. J.B.7, Hereford, before July 9th, 1936. In the top left-hand corner of the stamped side write the word COMPETITION. *A solid Silver Cider Tankard will be awarded to each of the 100 best entries in the opinion of Mr. Bulmer, whose decision is final. Results published in "The Daily Herald" on July 17th, 1936.*

A for Apples
B for Bulmer's
C for Cider

—BULMER'S 'DRY' OR 'WOODPECKER'—

in full FIVE-GLASS FLAGONS **10½D.** Per Flagon (England & Wales only) **1/-** (in Scotland)

regds

Puritan Tanneries Ltd., Runcorn, Cheshire.

GRAVES No. 1 CLUB MODEL

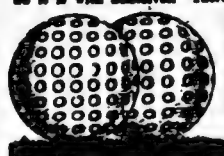
SEATS THE WORLD FOR QUALITY AND VALUE. Frame 19, 21, 23in. Racing Hubs quick release Wing Nuts. Dunlop Sports Tyres, Coventry Chain. Lauterwasser adjust. Handlebars, Dunlop Endrick Rims. Racing Pedals. Calipse Rear Brake. Brooks Sprung Seat Saddle. 'Hold-all' Nut. Reflector and Accessories. Leather or Mac's case price £4.10.0 or £1-monthly. Catalogues Ladies', Men's, Juveniles' Tradesmen's, Tandems, etc.

6/- NOW

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD

But you can rely on Seccotine

Two golf balls may look alike on the surface, but it is their integral make-up that matters. So it is with adhesives. There are many which claim to be as effective and permanent as Seccotine—but the fact remains that Seccotine is world-famous as the adhesive for lasting results. Ask at any general store. In tubes 6d., 9d. and 9d. Free descriptive booklet from Dept. J.B. M'Caw Stevenson & Orr, Ltd., Belfast.

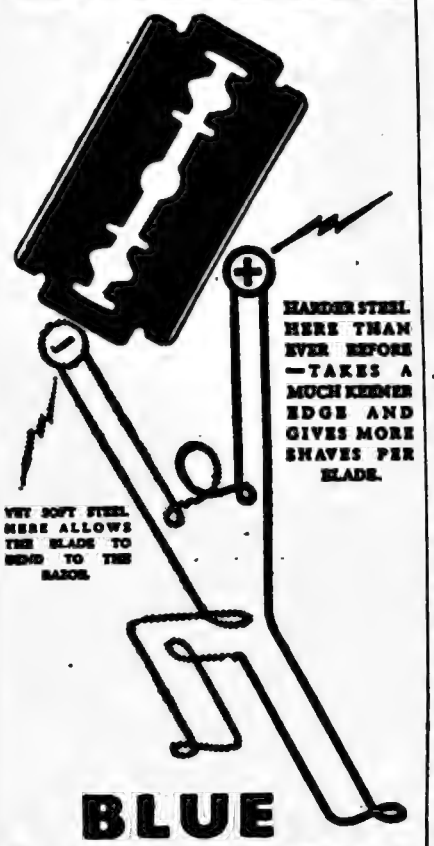


SECCOTINE
THE DOUBLE STRENGTH ADHESIVE

WHY ENDURE RHEUMATISM

"The Patient is going steadily on, taking the Urace brand tablets with the doctor's approval."—Miss —— S.R.N., St. John's Wood. Free sample from Newbery and Phillips, Ltd., 33m, Banner St., London, E.C.1 From your chemist, 2/3 and 3/-.

TWO TEMPERS FOR TWO REASONS


HARDER STEEL HERE THAN EVER BEFORE —TAKES A MUCH KEENER EDGE AND GIVES MORE SHAVES PER BLADE.
YET SOFT STEEL HERE ALLOWS THE BLADE TO BEND TO THE RAZOR.

BLUE GILLETTES

ELECTRICALLY TEMPERED BLADES

LARGE PACKET 2/6 • SMALL PACKET 1/3

These prices do not apply in Irish Free State.

SKIN TORMENT QUICKLY RELIEVED!

There is nothing like D.D.D. Prescription for relieving the fiery irritation of Eczema, the intense pain of wounds, ulcers and boils, and the disfigurement of facial blemishes. This antiseptic non-greasy lotion heals the skin *through* the skin. Salves and ointments remain on the surface and simply clog the pores. D.D.D. Brand Prescription, a penetrating liquid wash, is absorbed the moment it is applied, sinking through the pores and washing out the germs deeply buried in the underlying tissue. It has no equal in the treatment of Eczema, Psoriasis, Dermatitis, and Bad Leg. Irritating spots and pimples are cleared overnight. D.D.D. Prescription is invaluable for Insect Bites. It promptly clears away Dandruff and promotes a healthy condition of the hair and scalp, and as a household remedy has 101 uses. Excellent as a gargle; as a general antiseptic, for cuts, burns and scalds. 1/3 a bottle at all chemists.
FREE SAMPLE BOTTLE will be gladly sent on request to D.D.D. Laboratories, MN4, Fleet Lane, London, E.C.4.

D.D.D. BRAND PRESCRIPTION

BANISHES SKIN TROUBLES

How to Fix False Teeth

Loose and slipping plates can be made to hold with complete firmness and comfort—all day long—by lightly sprinkling the plates with Dr. Wernet's Powder. It renders the suction perfect so that teeth will not slip or click when you are talking and eating. An unfailing safeguard against embarrassment. Forms a comfort-cushion which relieves pressure and prevents sore gums. Makes teeth feel natural so that you can talk naturally and chew perfectly. A scientific triumph. Try it to-day. Of chemists everywhere.

20 YEARS AGO

Dawn, July 1, 1916, British and French armies went "over the top" on the Somme after the biggest bombardment in history.

Battle lasted three months, ended with rains that turned the battlefield into a sea of mud, with the German line bent but not broken.

British casualties (estimated) 90,000 killed and missing—260,000 wounded.

AND NOW . .

"Each yard in the Somme area became the graveyard of a British soldier."

Desecration of the Battlefields

—by an—
Old Soldier
who has just revisited Flanders

EVERY evening of the year that inspiring lament "The Last Post" is sounded underneath the vaulted arch of the Menin Gate.

The music of the bugles echoes and re-echoes from roadway to roof, to be lost in the gardens of the ancient ramparts and on the stairways where are inscribed the names of 54,000 officers and men of the war-time British Army who died in the Ypres Salient but who have no known graves.

It was along this road that millions of British troops filed to battle. Not so far from the memorial arch is that cross-road of horrible memory known as "Hell Fire Corner," a place which was shelled day and night by the enemy to prevent supplies and reinforcements reaching the Front along the only possible road.

There is little to remind the traveller to-day of the sacrifice which was made in this once war-stricken corner of Belgium.

Green fields cover the land wherever you go, and those acres of treacherous water-filled shell holes are now acres of so much rich pasturage.

The sounding of "The Last Post" is a stirring reminder of the Days of Sacrifice. Otherwise there is little to stir the imagination.

But much to stir one's indignation.

Twenty years ago—on July 1, 1916—the British Army stormed the front line of the Germans on a wide area, and there began that grim bloody struggle which we now call the Battle of the Somme.

Insignificant villages like Beaumont Hamel, Pozieres, Martinpuich, Thiepval become world renowned overnight. Tens of thousands of men were sacrificed in order to gain or hold a few trees euphemistically called a wood. Each yard in the Somme area became the graveyard of a soldier. It was the same at Ypres—perhaps more so.

Now, twenty years later, visits to the battlefields are too often not pilgrimages but rather just plain "joy rides." . . .

A FEW days ago I went on a motor-bus journey from Ostend to the Ypres Salient. The running of charabancs and omnibuses has become one of the major industries of the famous Belgian resort, if one is to judge by the number of companies who put hundreds of vehicles on the road at the charge of about 6s. 6d. per person for the day's outing to the war cemeteries and historic places.

The very price attracts large numbers and there are many who book seats just for the sake of the ride, not because they are interested in seeing the places where so many men were struck down by bullets or else accidentally slipped from the duckboards into a shell-hole and were drowned miserably in the mud.

The charabanc in which I travelled held twenty-four people, including the driver, who also acted as "guide."

All the passengers were English, and they included a party of youths in the early twenties who were in holiday mood and had brought with them plentiful supplies of beer.

The charabanc cleared the town of Ostend at speed, and as the lumbering vehicle swung down the narrow road on the way to Moere the youths at the back produced an accordion and regaled us all with the latest Talkie music hits.

At Moere there is the ancient German naval gun which was placed in an elaborate steel pit and used to bombard Dunkirk.

The car drew up and the young men made a bee line—not for the gun, but for the *estaminet* which has been built at a convenient distance.

To see the gun cost three francs, and all the way to the little copse in which it is skilfully hidden one encountered stalls for the sale, among other things, of indecent picture postcards and books.

Not a very impressive introduction to a visit to the war areas twenty years after!

As we reached the lines occupied by the British in their struggle for Passchaendaele, for the Houlthoulst Forest, for Hill Sixty, so the spirits of the party grew in volume of noise.

Of course, Nature and the hand of man have practically obliterated the outward signs of the War at these once hallowed places. Here and there one sees an occasional concrete "pill box," recalling the days when the "line" was just a string of strong points, communication between which was only maintained by dangerous crossing of shell holes—in most areas of the Salient water made the digging of trenches impossible.

But if there are no shell holes left and no ruined houses at the wayside—all the villages have been rebuilt much better than they were before—there are plenty of cemeteries.

Perhaps it was the slight disappointment at the absence of any evidence that a war had once passed this way in the shape of death and destruction which accounted for the almost continual playing of that accordion.

On one occasion, near Tyne Cot, where the charabanc stopped for a little longer than usual, near a huge British cemetery, the young men got bored, and danced on the road to the tune of the "Music Goes Round and Around."

WHEREVER one went there was litter and waste-paper left behind by trippers. Inside the cemeteries all is beautifully ordered and spotless, but that does not prevent the thoughtless visitor from leaving traces of his passage outside.

It seemed strange that members of the younger generation who are so ardent in their passion for peace should seem so indifferent to the actual tragedy of war.

At St. Julien there is a Canadian memorial marking the place where the Germans first used gas as a weapon of war. The charabanc pulled up with a jerk and was immediately surrounded by half a score of gesticulating hawkers selling souvenirs—mostly made in Japan—and the inevitable postcards, sweets, sandwiches.

It was almost impossible to see the monument.

The war-time soldier who was in the Salient—one remembers the time when the life of a battalion at Passchaendaele was just about three weeks—must be prepared for a shock when he reaches Ypres.

Our charabanc parked itself in the Grande Place and enabled us to wander about at will for an hour or two.

THE young men made a dive for the nearest café. The women hurried to a place labelled "English tea room." Only one or two troubled to walk round the city in the hope of finding some wall or alley to remind them of the days when to cross that same Grande Place by night or day was to invite death from German shells.

No, the Ypres of to-day is just the centre of a great tourist traffic which has for its object the exploitation of the sacred places of the Salient.

Twenty years after. . . . Twenty years exactly this week since the carnage began on the Somme!

I am glad I am back in England—I can view that heroic adventure more reverently here. There one's sense of indignation outweighs all else!

COMMON SENSE AND INDIGESTION.

There is nothing mysterious about indigestion. Any doctor will tell you that almost all stomach trouble is due to excess acid, which ferments food, generates painful gases, and attacks the delicate stomach-lining. Obviously, then, to get immediate relief, you need only counteract the stomach acidity; and for this purpose there is nothing to equal a little 'Bisurated' Magnesia taken after meals or when discomfort is felt. 'Bisurated' Magnesia, which can be obtained from any chemist for 1/3 (powder or tablets), speedily banishes indigestion by neutralising excess acid, stopping fermentation, and soothing and healing the inflamed stomach-lining. Doctors and hospitals use and recommend this common-sense remedy because, by acting directly upon the *cause* of the trouble, it gives instant relief.

Note: We understand there is now a 6d. trial tin of 'Bisurated' Magnesia (24 tablets)

If the Heels are not branded Phillips, they are not the genuine article

Therefore, since you have every right to the *treble wear* you paid for, and which *only Phillips* give, we make the following unique offer.

If you ordered Phillips Heels, and they were not fitted, send your shoes to us, with the name and address of your Bootman, and

WE WILL FIT GENUINE PHILLIPS FREE OF CHARGE

and also refund your postage!

Phillips Patents Ltd., Dept. J.B.10, Western Avenue, Acton, London, W.3

"they must be Phillips HEELS"

—'Last the time of three'—

Mid-day Saturday

You're free for the week-end . . . a good dinner, a chair in the garden and a fragrant cigar to smoke. But that real cigar fragrance needn't cost you much if you buy Wills's Whiffs.

WILLS'S WHIFFS

HAVANA FLAVOUR AT REASONABLE PRICES

3 for 6d. 6 for 1/- 12 for 2/-

LOOK AT YOUR TEETH—*OTHERS DO!*

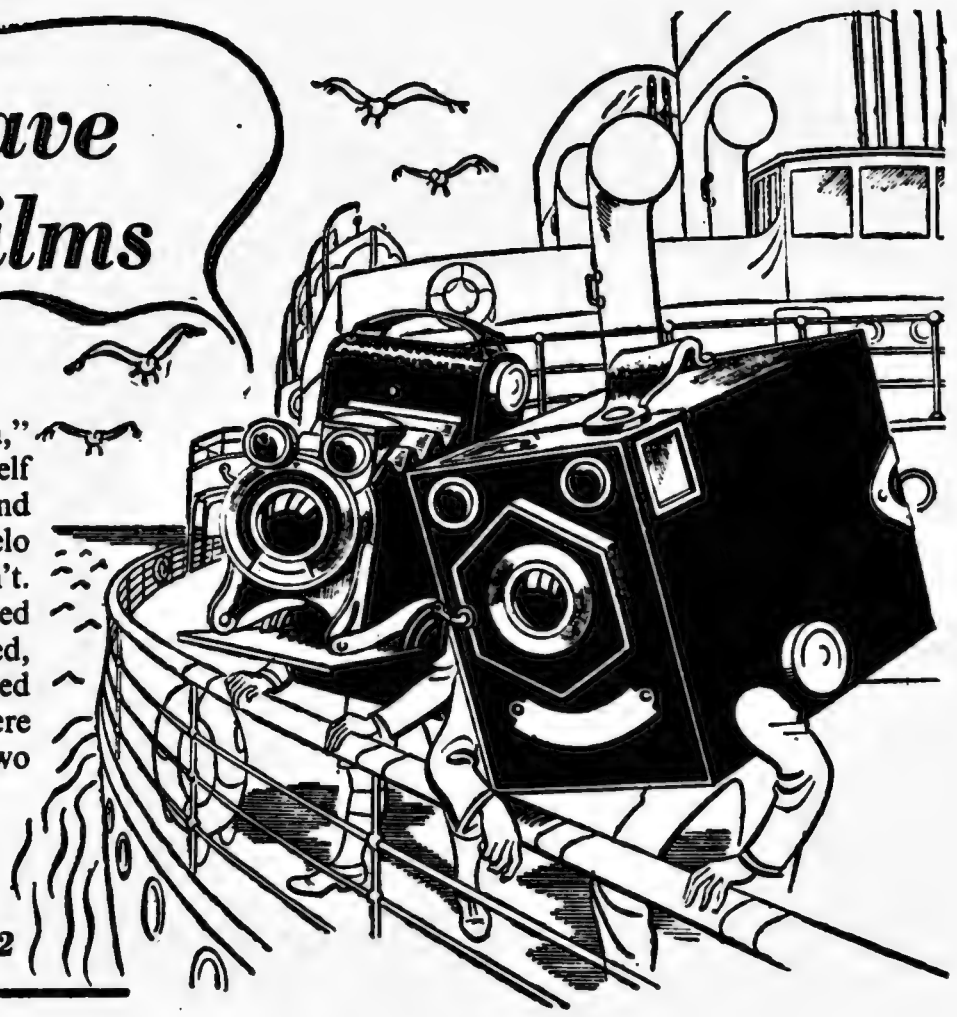
To Regain NATURAL Attractiveness & Sparkle

Twice a day—in the morning and again the last thing at night—a brisk brushing with KOLYNOS—that's the secret. So pleasant, so simple, but so sure in its results. Discover for yourself the joy of clean, naturally white teeth and a healthy mouth. Get a tube from your Chemist to-day. MADE IN ENGLAND

KOLYNOS

DENTAL CREAM

we must have SELO *films*



"There's nothing better than sun and sea," said the Folding Camera, drawing himself out to his full extent. "Unless it's sun and Selo," put in the Box Camera. "And Selo Films shine even when the sun doesn't. You see, Selo and Selochrome were evolved by those clever chemists at Ilford Limited, who took care to give their films that speed *and* latitude so essential in this country, where the light is hardly ever the same for two days running."

SELO — *1/- for eight* (3¼ × 2¼)
SELOCHROME—*extra fast 1/2*

You're lucky but Dr. Johnson . . .

was most emphatically not! Field's—although established long before the doctor's day—had not introduced their now-famous Lavender Toilet Series. As the great man might well have remarked: "Sir, a man is as young as his hair, I was born in advance of my time yet, in common with unfortunate contemporaries, I am constrained to cover my head with a primitive makeshift; a monstrosity; Sir—a wig!" Now, Field's Lavender Solid Brilliantine gives every man hair-smartness and hair-health. Regular use relieves dry-scalp and dandruff — the causes of baldness. A full-size tin costs only 3d. You can pay four times as much—but why should you?

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WASH OFF UGLY HAIR *this New Way*

As Easy As Washing Your Face.

The latest discovery of science. A perfumed toilet cream which ends superfluous hair in three minutes.

Razors only make the hair grow faster. The old-fashioned depilatories are evil-smelling and dangerous. This new beauty cream, called New Veet, makes the hair simply fall away. You just apply it from the tube and then wash off with water. Leaves the skin soft, smooth and white, without a trace of hair. No ugly dark patch like the razor leaves because the hair is removed *below* the skin surface.

New Veet is just like a sweet scented toilet cream, and as easy and pleasant to use. Prices 6d. and 1/3d.

A Free Glider for Your Kiddies. Turn to p. 23 for full details.

HUMAN DOCUMENTS BY PHILIP INMAN

The sulking husband who goes for weeks without speaking at home should be treated as one would treat a spoilt child—with "a good dose of wholesome neglect"

Three PROBLEM Husbands

ON my desk, as I write, are three letters. They are all from married women, and they tell me of the shadows that overhang their lives. The first wants to know what to do with a sulky husband, the second with a violent husband, and the third with an unfaithful husband. Here, in that order, are their problems. My first correspondent writes:—

I have been married sixteen years, and have two splendid children, a girl of fourteen and a boy of ten. The girl is in service, where she is very happy and comfortable, but she only gets home once a month. My little boy is always full of fun. We could be very happy indeed if it were not that my husband, though he is a good worker, non-smoker and does not drink, has fits of not speaking to us.

Usually these spasms last about two or three weeks, but just now he has not spoken for three months. He has a long journey every day to work, and I know he comes back tired; but this perpetual silence makes our home life so miserable. We have not quarrelled and I can't understand what upsets him.

I work hard and do everything I can to make the home happy and comfortable. I threatened once to go away and take the children with me, but he said that if I did the door would be shut for ever. When he recovers I can forgive him and everything will be all right; but it seems terrible that we should have to endure such a long period of this kind of thing. Please tell me if there is anything I can do.

☆ ☆ ☆

THIS man with his sulkiness is destroying the happiness of that home. It seems such a pity, for, apart from this failing, he has much to commend him. He is, I am told, a hard worker and not addicted to drink. And this woman obviously deserves a decent husband. She is fond of her home and devoted to her two children. But how can this man's mood be changed? I am going to prescribe a course of treatment. A very spoilt child was taken to see a doctor friend of mine.

"What he needs," he told the mother, "is a good dose of wholesome neglect." I am sure that is often the cure for the sulks. The more notice that is taken of people of this type, the more they persist in adopting this stupid attitude. I suggest, therefore, to my correspondent that she should adopt an air of independence towards him. Her motto should be: "If he wants to behave in this childish manner, let him. I'm not going to allow it to make my life and home miserable."

And I advise her to try to make one or two outside friends. That would serve two purposes. It would help her during what must be a very lonely time when her husband has these fits. It might also help him. When he sees that his wife has other means of finding pleasure, he might indulge less and less in these periods of taciturnity.

In the meantime, and quite apart from outside interests, this woman has her compensation. She is happy in the companionship of her little boy. And she is not subject to the danger of physical injury, like my next correspondent.

This woman tells me that she has been married eight years and that they have two children, a boy of seven and a little baby girl. Her letter continues:

☆ ☆ ☆

FROM the beginning of our married life there has been trouble through my husband's uncontrollable temper and jealousy. Recently he has taken to using violence as well as bad language, and only last week he threw a pan at me, missing by just a fraction of an inch.

Then last night he said he would have knocked me down if I had not had the baby in my arms. I give him no cause for these outbursts, for I try to follow his wishes in every way. My nerves have all gone to pieces, and, though I try hard not to show fear when he rages and storms, I can't help being worried. What can I do? I feel it is impossible to go on much longer in this way.

The man who uses violence towards a defenceless woman is a cad and a bully, and there are only two ways of dealing with him. In this case I gather that these outbursts are becoming more frequent and far worse in character. It is, therefore, necessary to discover whether there is anything medically wrong with this man.

My correspondent tells me that she is suffering badly from nervous trouble. That is sufficient reason for her calling to see the doctor. She should be quite frank with him and tell him the cause of it all. He would not only prescribe for her malady, but might suggest some way to deal with her husband.

If his actions are due to some physical or mental weakness, a course of treatment is obviously required. If not, then probably a frank talk from the doctor would help to bring him to his senses. If that should fail, the only other course is for this woman to have a chat with the Police Court Missionary and tell him what has occurred.

☆ ☆ ☆

HE could give her advice as to the steps to be taken to protect herself and her children in the future.

It is unpleasant to have a man who sulks. It is worse to have one who is violent. But I think my third correspondent is in an even worse plight. She tells me that she keeps a small general shop which helps to pay the rent, and her husband goes out to work. She writes:

For four years I have been so tied that I have not had a holiday, but I have friends in the country, and occasionally our boy, who is now thirteen, and I go there on a Saturday night and return on the Sunday. When I came back after one of those visits I discovered that my husband had been unfaithful to me.

I did not make a scene, but told him as quietly and calmly as possible, and, in spite of definite proof, he denied it. This has been going on now for eight months, and I am sure that it is having a bad effect on the business. I have struggled on, as I am anxious for my boy to continue at his school, and he has only two years before he leaves. I have always read your articles with great interest, and I am sure you will advise me as to the best thing to do.

This woman tells me that she has definite proof of her husband's unfaithfulness. She does not tell me whether it has destroyed all her love for him. If it has not, then there may yet be a chance of winning him back to home and decency. If all her affection for him is dead, there are these alternatives left to her: One is to leave her husband; the other is to stay and keep the business going until that son has completed his education and started to work. And of these two, hard though it may be, I certainly advise the second one.

If she were to leave her husband, what would be the position? It might be difficult for her to obtain work where she could have her boy with her. And in her present circumstances, she would not wish to part from him by allowing him to go into lodgings. He is the only real happiness she has left to her.

In the meantime, if that husband's unfaithfulness should become known to the people in the neighbourhood, I hope that they will recognise my correspondent's brave struggle to carry on and will give her increased custom. That additional support would be a great encouragement to her. It would also help her to save a little against that day when, if things do not improve, she may have to leave her husband.

Send your private problem to "Humanist," at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, enclosing stamped envelope. £1 1s. will be paid for each letter quoted.

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—THE BETTER BRUSHLESS SHAVE

Would you like a seven-day trial tube of Coro-Shave, the new and better brushless shave? No pain, no "pull." Skin as soft as velvet. Send a 1½d. stamp for postage and packing to Crown Perfumery Co. Ltd. (Dept. 226), 39 King's Rd., London, N.W.1.

Your envelope must be sealed and bear a 1½d. stamp.

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Moulded Coach-built body, softly upholstered, loose seats, celluloid handle, leather cloth hood and apron, ball-bearing wheels, ribbed cushion tyres, foot brake, coil springs, mudguards. Price, Carriage Paid 5/- or 5/- monthly. Catalogue of Frams, Folding Cars, Pram. J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD.

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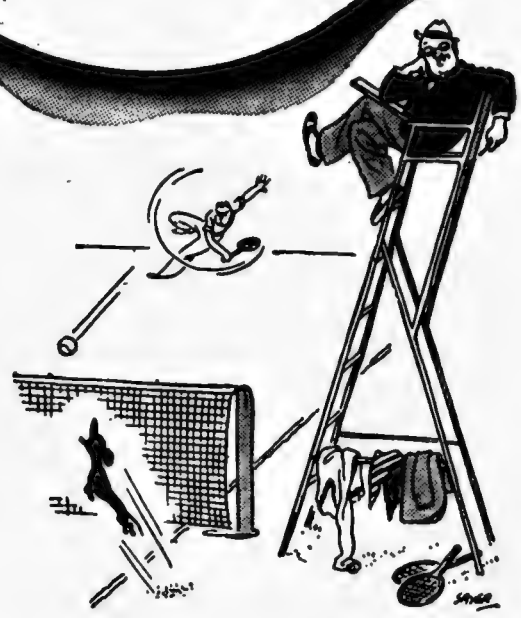
they're blended better



THEY'RE WILLS'S 10 for 6d. 20 for 11½d.
PLAIN OR CORK TIPPED CIGARETTES

I feel fine NOW!

FENNINGS' CERTAINLY DID WORK WONDERS — They assist the Lungs to throw off all irritating matter arising from Bronchitis, Influenza, Coughs, etc., and to regain health and vigour.

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Don't Take Drastic Drugs.

Your Kidneys have nine million tiny tubes or filters which are endangered by cheap, irritating drugs or neglect. If Kidney or Bladder Trouble makes you suffer from Getting Up Nights, Nervousness, Dizziness, Backache, Rheumatism, Leg Pains, Circles Under Eyes, Dry, muddy Skin, Irritating Acidity or Loss of Vigour, don't take chances. Get the Doctor's guaranteed prescription Cystex (Siss-tex). Must bring new health and vitality in 48 hours and is guaranteed to make you feel 10 years younger and to cure troubles in 8 days or money back on return of empty package. Cystex costs very little at Boots, Taylor's, Timothy White's and all chemists, and the guarantee protects you.

ASTHMA

Himrod's Cure, backed up by a 65 year record, has brought relief to thousands throughout the world. It relaxes the bronchial tubes; permits natural breathing and gives prompt relief. Get it today but *insist on the genuine.*

IT PAYS TO BUY THE BEST

HIMROD'S CURE

AFTER EVERY MEAL

Aids digestion

E.66C

A SILLY SUMMER COLD SPOILED HER HOLIDAY

It could have been easily averted

Many a bad illness has started with a holiday chill.

Cold in the head and catarrh infection can be easily caught on holiday. Why expose yourself to infection which may saddle you with a heavy doctor's bill? Take no chances—take a tin of POTTER'S CATARRH PASTILLES with you or get them at your nearest chemist.

They combine amazing antiseptic properties with a really pleasant flavour .... keeping you clear of colds, catarrh, hay fever, bronchitis—giving INSTANT RELIEF.

Have a happy cold-free holiday this year... keep a tin of POTTER'S CATARRH PASTILLES handy

In very handy sized tins at 1/3. Just the size for pocket or handbag. All Chemists, Stores and Herbalists at 1/4) post free from makers:

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1/-; 2/-; 2/6; 5/-; 10/-; £1; £2; £5; £10

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My Darkest Hour

IT was in Vienna that I met her, not in the fabled atmosphere of laughter and romance, but in the tragic Vienna of 1922, when fear and poverty stalked, and white bread was a luxury.

A vivacious dancer, made workless by the internal crisis, she captured my heart at first sight, and I spared neither affection nor money in my endeavours to win her.

Came my darkest hour when, after a brief courtship, she confessed she was already married, and had been deceiving me in order to obtain money for the necessaries her two children so desperately needed.—*Memories, Limpley Stoke.*

A Dream

I listened, trembling, to the sound
Of thundering guns, and whining shell,
And demons of the air who found
Their mark, as deadly missiles fell.

The world seemed riven once again,
The torch of Mars shed forth its gleam
And then, when life seemed drenched with pain,
I woke; thank God, 'twas but a dream.

—*Lorna, Portchester.*

Succeeded Next Time

When the specialist said there was just a chance that my sight would be saved I was filled with a great hope—although he warned me not to be too sanguine.

I trembled as they removed the last bandage; would I see the blessed light again, or . . .?

"Open your eyes," said a quiet voice beside me. After a tense silence in the darkened room, I managed to say, "I can't."

"I'm sorry," came the voice again, a wealth of compassion in the tone. "I have failed."

He succeeded next time, but I shall never forget that darkest hour of all my darkness.—*H. T., Lewisham.*

Not Gone Home

I lay ill in bed, reading; downstairs was my wife and my greatest friend. He had called to see me, and had stayed to supper.

Presently the sound of voices stopped, and I waited for my wife to come to bed. She didn't come, and getting worried about the continued silence, I slipped downstairs to see if everything was all right.

I went into the drawing-room, and there was a startled gasp as two figures rose from the same chair—my friend had not gone home.

That was my darkest hour.—*B. H., Surrey.*

Ran Away

I was to have been an Easter bride, and all the arrangements had been made.

At the church I waited with my parents, and at home my clothes were packed ready for a honeymoon abroad. But the bridegroom didn't turn up; he had changed his mind and run away.

Heartbroken and humiliated beyond measure, I was left to face curious stares and a mocking crowd. I experienced the darkest hour that every woman fears—a bride deserted at the altar.—*Miss W., Bristol.*

Waited Patiently

Christmas Eve with the Grand Fleet at Scapa meant a huge mail. Drifters drew alongside loaded to the gunwale with bags containing parcels, letters and cards from relations and friends who were anxious to give Jack a good time.

I waited patiently for my name to be called, and when at last it was I was handed a black-edged envelope. Elbowing my way through the boisterous crowd, I opened it, to learn that my native village had been ravaged by 'flu, which, in a single night, had taken my sweetheart and favourite sister.—*H. A., Southampton.*

Bitter

I was a girl of nineteen, just left school, and never been from home. My father, after six years' illness, died, and we had to sell up our home and live with relatives.

My darkest hour came when I returned from the saleroom that evening and found the house bare—not even a chair to sit on or a carpet on the stairs.

The home I had always taken for granted was no more, and I had nowhere to turn in and feel I was welcome. That realisation was bitter indeed.—*Smiling, Somerset.*

Laid to Rest

My darkest hour might have been my brightest. The snow was falling lightly, and from over the housetops came the tuneful voice of the village choir, calling all to remember that on that day, nigh two thousand years ago, a Child was born.

"A merry Christmas, sir," said the collector as I dropped coppers into his box.

A merry Christmas! I went back into the house and surveyed the scene. A bedecked tree; a toy engine, Mickey Mouse . . . everything, in fact, but our child.

We had just laid him to rest.—*S. C., Leeds.*

Tragic News

Out of kindness to my neighbour, I offered to take her small daughter on holiday with us, thinking also that she would be a companion for my own girl.

We hired a bungalow by the sea, and one day the two children clambered into a boat and untied the mooring rope. Tragedy followed, for on their leaning over the side of the boat, both overbalanced and fell into the sea.

The mother's expression, while I explained to her the tragic news that my child alone had been saved, will always remain to remind me of my darkest hour. —*N. A. W., Melksham.*

Never Forgive

All about the house were signs of festivity. To-morrow was my daughter's wedding day, and at this eleventh hour she was the happiest girl alive.

The following day the bridegroom failed to appear at the church. My daughter was heartbroken, but the darkest hour came a week later, when they recovered the body of my poor disillusioned girl from the near-by river.

His heartless conduct had caused her to take her life. I can never forget or forgive.—*Her Mother, Glos.*

OUR LETTER PARLIAMENT

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below, not exceeding 100 words, are invited. Half-a-guinea will be paid for each letter published. Envelopes marked "Letter Parliament" must reach 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, by first post Tuesday, July 7.

When I was a Victim of Gossip

Not Promotion

When my husband told me he had to go to the head office I was delighted, for, knowing how clever he was at his work, I was sure it meant promotion.

Just before starting he took me in his arms and said, to my great horror, "If I don't come back take the child and go to your people."

His fraudulent use of the company's money to pay gambling debts had just been found out, and he knew that this visit meant instant dismissal, if not ultimate imprisonment.

It was indeed my darkest hour.—*Poor Me, Bedfordshire.*

At Peace

The evening air was drowsy with the scent of wild flowers as I strolled along the river bank. White clouds drifted across a perfect sky and everything was peaceful. The sun, sinking in the far distance, rippled gold upon the water, reflecting a million shapes and colours through the leaves of the trees that wept in splashes of light and shade on the long grass.

I felt again the ring upon my finger, and with tear-clouded eyes, read the telegram clutched in my hand, "Private Jones. Killed in action."—*Still Engaged, Bradford.*

Terrible Fears

One evening while on holiday on the North Cornish coast, my children and I had wandered along the cliffs and were resting awhile before returning.

The sinking sun warned me to be making for the village and, putting my book away, I called the children. There was no answer. Alarmed, I ran along the cliffs in search of them, and to my horror I came upon a derelict mine on top of the cliff.

I was seized by a terrible fear when I recalled the stories I had heard about the great depth of some of these old Cornish mines, and I stumbled blindly among the ruins calling them.

Presently I heard the voice of my youngest son. They had been playing "hide and seek" with me, little realising the frenzy I had been in.—*Mrs. R., Wilts.*

Race with "Silver Ring"

WATCH GUNBOAT!

A CORRESPONDENT has drawn my attention to the betting on a race at Ascot, and I note that the bookmakers took only £97 to pay £100.

Such occurrences are rare, for bookmakers are not philanthropists, and I find that an upheaval in the market towards the close was responsible for the favourite lengthening in price. That explains everything.

Remembering Ascot, I must mention Gunboat as a Cambridgeshire proposition.

The entries are not due until the end of the month, but if it is possible to secure "fifties" about the colt—and he is almost certain to be entered—I fancy it may prove to be profitable.

For the London Cup this week-end I like nothing better than Plunger.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE.

The Code covers the racing from Thursday, July 2, to Wednesday, July 8.

Z Q C 93 B 94 M R 98 T F O A P U X
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In place of the letters or figures advertised in *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below, as the case may be. Example:—

OK96UW would read SATYR.

Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. FKZ2KO would read GALLAS.

SPECIAL INTEREST TO ALL

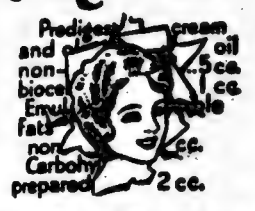
The well-known firm of Bolsom's, the House Furnishers, who have been consistent advertisers in "John Bull" for several years, have issued a superb catalogue in full colour and natural photography, illustrating a very comprehensive range of modern furniture for every room and every purpose. Their furniture has been inspected by "John Bull," and readers who are interested in furnishing, or re-furnishing, their home are recommended to send for a copy of this magnificent catalogue.

Mr. Bolsom wishes us to point out that the remarkable value offered is only possible by his firm's straightforward policy of selling furniture and furniture only. They offer nothing else but superlative value to induce customers to buy. Mr. Bolsom points out that no extras are added to the price of the furniture sold in his stores and he claims that this is the soundest method of selling.

Watch out for Bolsom's advertising in this paper or send now for catalogue to 40-44, Strand, W.C.2.

LET YOUR SKIN EAT AND LOOK YEARS YOUNGER IN 28 DAYS

Daily Skin Menu



Predigested and specially prepared in steam jacketed autoclave

99 out of 100 women have undernourished skins—wrinkles, faded complexions and shrunken cheeks are sure signs.

The best daily skin menu is Biocel (the life of skin tissues) obtained from young animals, predigested dairy cream and olive oil (non-greasy), Emulsified fats (non-greasy).

All the above are now contained in Crème Tokalon—the best and most nourishing skinfood known. It will revive and refresh your skin almost beyond belief even in one night and in 28 days it will give you a new and permanently beautiful complexion. Thousands of women of 40 and 50 years of age have obtained skins and complexions almost like girls in many cases as the result of the daily use of this highly nourishing skinfood. Use Crème Tokalon ROSE COLOUR with Biocel at night, and Crème Tokalon Skinfood WHITE COLOUR (non-greasy) in the morning. The rose cream is the most nourishing to the skin, but the white non-greasy cream is best for morning use as in addition to being a skinfood it makes face powder extremely adherent and invisible. Successful results guaranteed or your money refunded.

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Size: 16½ x 10 x 9½in.

This world-challenging offer of a fully equipped low-consumption 3-valve Battery Radio Outfit removes every obstacle standing in the way of your installing a first-class Set. For only 5/- per month (which is 2d. a day) you can easily afford this self-contained highly efficient, trouble-free Wireless Set.

5/- Monthly

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THE GRAVES S.3. RADIO enables you to enjoy all the pleasure & interest of up-to-date Wireless for many years at a remarkably low cost of upkeep. Specially built for economical working, yet maintaining high efficiency and faithful reproduction. All components are of tested reliability, including: Steel Chassis; Radio Frequency Coils with Lycos Screen; British Valves; Permanent Magnet Moving Coil Loud Speaker, reliable 2-volt Accumulator; Long-life H.T. Battery; Full Vision Tuning Dial; Cabinet finished in two shades of Walnut, as illustrated. Complete in all respects including Aerial and Earth equipment. Nothing else to buy. Carriage Paid.

Easy Payments 5/- Monthly. **£4.17.6**

IT IS HIGHLY IMPORTANT you should understand that nothing is added to the price for the convenience of easy payments. The price quoted is all you have to pay.

Mr. J. L. of Wallsend, writes:—"I received the S.3 Set quite safely and in good condition. I am overjoyed at the number of stations I can get. My friends cannot believe I am paying only 2d. a day. I have never seen a neater job."

Mr. S. J. of London S.E.25, writes:—"I received your S.3 on Monday. I had the Set fixed up within an hour, and it went splendidly. For tone and quality it is unsurpassed—and I've listened to a few sets. Everything is O.K."

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"Tell him to Get Gibbs!"

It's Super-Fatted!

Super-fatted means a lot to all shavers. It is *essential* to those with tender skins.
The extra enrichment, and the pure ingredients of Gibbs Super-Fatted Shaving Cream ensures a quick creamy lather—which stays moist.
You get a clean close shave.
Your face is left cool and comfortable as if massaged with cold cream.

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The EASIER, QUICKER way of cleaning false teeth

BERTRAM'S *Dual-Action* DENTURE PASTE restores them to their original new condition.

- A minute's brushing with a fairly dry brush and a little of the paste removes the blackest stains, heaviest deposits and tartar, however old the plate.
- False teeth assume a natural whiteness and the plate a soft velvety, new pink condition, which can best be achieved by using Bertram's Denture Paste.
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NO ACID AND HARMLESS TO PLATES AND TEETH.

- Overnight removal of teeth is now unnecessary, as advocated by many dentists.
- The invention of an eminent practising dentist, Bertram's Denture Paste is recommended by the entire profession.

Obtainable at Boots and all Chemists and Stores, in tubes 6d. and 1/3 (treble quantity). *If any difficulty send stamps or P.O. value 6d. or 1/3 direct to* Gaskell, Ltd., (Dept. 4.B.), 273-287, Regent Street, W.1.

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Bertram's

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DUAL-ACTION

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Every Lady should write today for GRAVES DISPLAY of up-to-date Fashions illustrating the latest ideas in Ladies' Wear, all offered at money-saving prices. Wherever you live, our Keen Prices and Easy Terms are for YOU.

FLAMBORO Charming Two-piece consisting of fashionable two-tone Dress and the newest style Coatee to match. Bodice of the frock is in *Floral Art. Silk*, cut on dainty lines with button trimming down centre front, plain bow at neck, and short turn-back sleeves. The stylish Art. Silk Skirt is finished with self material belt & new type of slide. The *Art. Silk* Coatee has full cape elbow length sleeves, and is lined with floral Art. Silk to match collar and revers. Link button front fastening. Shades: Lido, Brown, and Green. Sizes: S.S.W. to W., Busts: 32 to 34in. Dress lengths: 46 to 50ins. **24/6**

Terms: 2.6 Monthly.

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Send to-day for range of Patterns Post Free. Swagger Models, Coats, Costumes, Underwear, Frocks, &c., all in the newest styles. Ask for Patterns of any kind of garment required, and a splendid choice, with a self measurement form and particulars will be sent per return of post.

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3/6 Monthly

IF YOUR BREATH HAS A SMELL YOU CAN'T FEEL WELL

Unless 2 pints of bile juice flow from your liver into your bowels every day, your movements get hard and constipated and your food decays unnaturally in your 28 feet of bowels. This decay sends poison all over your body every six minutes. It makes you gloomy, grouchy and no good for anything.

Your friends smell this decay coming out of your mouth and call it bad breath. Laxatives and mouth washes help, but you must get at the cause. Take Carters Brand Little Liver Pills. They get those 2 pints of bile flowing freely and then you feel on the "up and up." Ask for Carters Little Liver Pills and get what you ask for. 1/3d. and 3/-.

Chronic GASTRITIS

2 TABLETS BANISH 3 YEARS PAIN

'I have been suffering from chronic gastritis for three years. I tried several so-called remedies, and when I saw Digestif Rennie advertised I thought they were another "catch-penny." However, when, the next day, the gastritis pains became so intense I was glad to be able to try D.R. I placed one in my mouth and dissolved it for three to five minutes, and by the end of that time I had gained relief, but there were still traces of the pain, so I dissolved another tablet and all pain had gone. If anyone had told me, ten minutes before, that two tablets of Digestif Rennie could banish the pains I had been enduring for three years, well, I would not have believed them. And now, with Digestif Rennie in the house, I know I am safe from the pains of gastritis for evermore.' C. B., Derbyshire.

Digestif Rennie Pastilles go to the root cause of indigestion in a way that has never been done before. They contain antacids which neutralise excess acid—the cause of nearly all digestive disorders. When excess acid has been neutralised indigestion *simply cannot start*. And in the marvellous Digestif Rennie Formula there are also absorbents to free you of stomach gas, and ferments which *actively help to digest food*. End your indigestion once and for all with this amazing new scientific discovery. Digestif Rennie Pastilles are pleasant to take and they're wrapped in wax paper.

Digestif Rennie (Brand) Pastilles, the new prescription for indigestion, are obtainable from your own chemist. Trial size 6d., Family Size 1s. 9d.

Digestif Rennie

You suck it like a sweet.

"John Bull" Guarantee

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee. All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked— In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull" and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

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If grey hairs are beginning to show, think how old you will look when they multiply. Retain the youthful colour by applying Valentine's Extract, which stains grey hair to any shade of brown, or to black. Harmless, lasting, clean.—SAFE AND SURE. Suitable for men or women. Of Chemists, 1/3, 2/6 & 6/- per bottle; or post free from J. R. Valentine, 46a, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.1.

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5/2 now

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD

100 SOLID SILVER TANKARDS FREE!

Turn to the Bulmer Contest on p. 27.

The Editor Laughs Last

IF you are troubled by any matter—except, of course, of a medical nature—you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped and addressed envelope is all that you have to send with your query. Write to-day. The replies given on this page to facetious correspondents are for your entertainment.

TOM R. (Kendal).—"I simply love all forms of exercise." But doesn't leap-frog get your back up?

DANCER (Hammersmith).—"I won a prize for fancy dress. I went as a porcupine." You won on points.

EDUCATED (Menston).—"Who but an ignoramus would say that twenty inches were two feet?" An angler.

C. L. C. (Finsbury).—"When I first started to learn to dive, I used to keep my mouth open." But not for long.

STICK-IT (Barnstaple).—"I insisted upon the dentist taking out my teeth without gas." You wouldn't be put off.

DAVID (Midlands).—"Our bowling-club members want to visit a race meeting together. Which would you suggest? Goodwood.

H. R. B. (Highgate).—"The purport of his raving was that he was not inclined to go any further in the matter." He carried on.

LIFT-MAN (London, E.C.4).—"I'm afraid I'm not such hot-stuff at crosswords." You can only solve the words up and down?

T. K. M. (Liverpool).—"The average vacuum cleaner salesman is shrewd, hard-headed and wide-awake." Unlike his machine, he is not a sucker.

ACTOR (Elstree).—"When I was trying to get the part of a villain in a film, I had to strip to my underclothes, but I was not chosen." You were unsuited.

BILLPOSTER (Homerton).—"In my spare time I indulge in amateur boxing and usually manage to beat my opponents." You give them a good pasting.

L. F. Q. (Savernake).—"I have written to several papers, giving it as my considered opinion that there is far too much private flying." You want it made public.

S. H. L. (Berwick).—"It gives me a pain in the neck to see an amateur trying to whitewash a ceiling." That's where he gets it, too.

HAROLD J. (Ryde).—"Dad was very annoyed because I spilt some water on the papers he was dealing with." You upset him as well.

B. C. B. (Gorton Heath).—"What is it called when the ball crashes into the wicket straight from the bowler's hand?" Out.

MOTORIST (London).—"The magistrate fined me for driving with one arm round a girl, although I told him that I had exceptionally good brakes." It was your clutch he was worrying about, however!

MISS PAM (Leeds).—"I broke off our engagement because my fiancé thought more of his motor-cycles than of me." But motor-cyclists' fiancées are expected to take a back seat.

E. C. M. (Barnsley).—"Can you advise me as to the best time to cut my privet-hedge in the front garden?" Certainly. When a strong wind is blowing—it saves brushing up the clippings.

AUCTIONEER (London, S.E.).—"Before retiring I held my last auction sale; and, unknown to me, some of my old clients purchased a lovely old table I offered, afterwards presenting it to me as a token of their regard." They evidently thought a lot of you.

"Handle your damage claim, mister!"

(*From "The Passing Show"*)

P. C. (Salford).—"Manchester water is very hard." It rains harder there.

E. L. (Bow).—"London streets are full of humour." Perhaps that is why the traffic is often diverted.

SWIMMER (Brighton).—"Paddlers cannot exactly be described as sea-bathers." But they're on the verge of it.

HIKER (Newport).—"There is only one really good way to cover the ground on a hot summer day." We know—lie on it.

J. S. (Much Hadham).—"We have just had the water laid on in our cottage." Well done!

B. B. (Hereford).—"A piece of grit in the eye can be a source of great annoyance." A blinking nuisance, in fact.

JACK (Dover).—"We held the party in a tent. It was a dismal affair from the start, but the climax came when the tent collapsed." It fell flat, then.

J. C. P. (Bedford).—"Very few houses can establish a claim to be haunted." Not the ghost of a chance of a chance of a ghost.

SPORTSMAN (Nailsworth). — "Tennis players are the limit. You dare not give them an inch." Or they will take advantage.

W. A. B. (Mortlake).—"He has a rod which is the exact counterpart of the one I lost. What do you think of that?" It looks fishy.

N. L. (Perranporth).—"The complaints about the noise of my motor cycle are nothing new." Probably the machine isn't either.

DAD (Spalding).—"I told my son that on no account must he ride his cycle with tyres in the condition his were." That was quite flat, anyway.

FRUIT GROWER (Devon).—"Plums turn a beautiful purple colour when given plenty to drink." In this respect men closely resemble plums.

G. H. (Parkstone).—"When the electric light suddenly failed I endeavoured to rectify the fault, but was completely at a loss to discover it." It left you completely in the dark.

ROVER (Moreton).—"Both my wife and I love the country, and we have just bought some land on the heath on which to build a house." You certainly have a lot in common.

MRS. W. (Leeds).—"Since I bought my new summer outfit, I haven't met any of my friends in the street." You should go out some afternoon with a shiny nose.

BUSINESS-MAN (Birmingham). — "My doctor has ordered me away on a cruise, so I have taken out a policy against loss of profits during my absence." You can now rest assured

David E. (Cardiff).—"If a barometer falls suddenly, it's a sign of stormy weather." Quite!

STEEPLEJACK (Wednesbury).—"Felling a tall chimney is easy work once you get into the way of it." But that's just what we wouldn't do.

FARMER (Alresford). — "The weather cheats us when it rains." Yes, it's not fair.

A. L. F. (Brondesbury). — "To see what the new resort was like, I spent a week-end there with my camera. If my wife likes the snaps we shall probably go there for our holidays." So you're just awaiting developments.

DAD (Southport).—"My wife said I was a treasure when I let the kids pile sand on top of me." Buried treasure.

R. B. (Oxford).—"I have received a letter from my bank manager telling me that my balance is nil." That's nothing.

F. W. (Hayes).—"What do we find between the hedgerows at this time of the year?" Roads.

S. T. (Workington).—"I worked from 5 a.m. till midnight and you can imagine how I felt when I finished." Done.

BOB (Kilmarnock).—"Terribly light brown shoes wear on a fellow." That's one of the reasons why shoe repairers are in business.

CHARLADY (Haggerston).—"I told her I refused to scrub three rooms and scullery on such terms, and was going to walk out on her at once." Then you left her flat?

R. D. (Southampton).—"When I went for a cruise, the purser forgot to make a note of the things passengers left with him." And did the boat have a list?

COUNTRY JOINER (Darlington).—"Since I started ten years ago, I have opened several new branches." Your business has progressed yard by yard, eh?

G. G. (Ilfracombe).—"What happens when an irresistible force meets an immovable object?" She usually manages to marry him.

A. J. S. (Ilford).—"What's the good of a doctor prescribing rest and a sea voyage when he knows such luxuries are impossible?" Consult Doctor *Bullets* on pages 38 and 39. The tonic he may give you is a 40,000-mile World Cruise, £1,000 cash and £6 weekly for life!

TROMBONIST (Wolverhampton).—"I'm giving lessons now for which I make a small charge—so much for beginners and a little more for those advanced." A sliding scale, eh?

TERRIER (Liverpool).—"The sergeant-major is nice enough at the drill hall, but when we are off parade we seem to be beneath his notice." He shuns you off parade as well as on?

GARDENER (Hendon).—"I have just bought a new house, and intend that my garden shall be a little gold mine to me." But up to now it resembles a tin mine only?

(*Many replies unavoidably held over*)

SIDE-SLIPS

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelopes "Side-Slips."

WORCESTERSHIRE ADVERTISER : —"He stated that 90 per cent. of the FARMS had been returned filled up."

NORTH-EASTERN DAILY GAZETTE : —"... and said that the FACE of defendant having skidded did not constitute negligence."

NEWCASTLE EVENING CHRONICLE : —"N.W. England—MODERN Northerly winds, mainly fair, ..."

NEWS CHRONICLE : —"All local authorities and motoring organisations will be CIRCULATED."

AMMAN VALLEY CHRONICLE : —"The —— Colliery, after another week of ILLNESS, resumed operations."

THE SUNDAY TIMES : —"Many complaints have been made to the Commissioners and to the police about the conduct of the bathers, and there have been SEVERE fatalities."

DESTROY
Ants!
KILL ants as you do other insect pests—with a regular sprinkle of Keating's—the trusted insecticide for 80 years. Cartons: 2d., 6d. & 1/-. Powder flask 1/-
KEATING'S KILLS
BEETLES, MOTHS, FLEAS etc., even Bugs
BUT IT MUST BE KEATING'S

THERE'S ALWAYS TIME FOR A 'STAR'

WILLS'S STAR CIGARETTES

10 for 4D 15 for 6D 30 (in box) 1/-

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£6 EVERY MONTH FOR LIFE with **£400** Cash and **£50** HOLIDAY CHEQUE or £150 CASH

24

£150 HOLIDAY CASH BETWEEN RUNNERS-UP

BONUS AWARD — A Season Ticket providing 80 Free Entries for our Crossword Contest for every Runner-up from whom we receive two 6d. entries in the same envelope. Value **£2**

UNLIMITED SURPRISE AWARDS — To each sender of entry containing only one less meritorious Answer than Runners-up, we shall forward a Special Surprise Award TO BE POSTED WEDNESDAY, JULY 22.

JOIN THE CROSSWORD PENSIONERS!

More than 20 successful competitors in "JOHN BULL'S" Crosswords are now drawing Life Pensions from Long Acre. And more than 70 have won outright by working out a common-sense problem such as that which challenges you on this page.

Begin studying the Clues now, see that your entry arrives by Friday, July 10—and you may be 'JOHN BULL'S' next Life Pensioner!

PRESENTED on this page is the twenty-fourth of JOHN BULL'S entertaining Crossword Puzzles; you are invited to exercise your skill and knowledge by completing it with the guidance of the Clues provided.

Aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to the Clues form the standard of excellence by which entries will be judged, and all decisions will be based on the Answers of Competitors. This judging will be carried out under the supervision of an Adjudication Committee consisting of the following:—

The Editor of JOHN BULL:

Doctor Lascelles Abercrombie, Litt.D., D.Lit., M.A.; and Doctor C. E. M. Joad, M.A. Oxford, D.Lit.

Each entry received will be carefully considered, and the First Prize-winner will be the competitor who on one entry square has completed the Puzzle, and has given what, in the opinion of the Adjudication Committee, is the best set of Answers to the Clues provided. And this set of Answers will constitute the Winning Puzzle Square.

If at any points in the Puzzle where a choice of words exists the Adjudication Committee decides that no one word submitted can be preferred on the test of aptness and accuracy, then competitors there using words of equal merit as Answers will be regarded as having tied at these points, which will be duly indicated when result and Winning Puzzle Square appear in JOHN BULL, published Thursday, July 23, 1936. The reasons which decided the Committee's Award will be published in JOHN BULL'S free weekly *Crossword Gazette*, obtainable as instructed on this page. The Second Prize will be awarded to the competitor whose entry is next in order of merit. In the event of a tie or ties, the appropriate cash prize will be equally divided, but not more than one cash prize will be allowed to one entrant upon one coupon.

Acceptance of the findings of the Adjudication Committee in regard to the most meritorious entries and of the Editor of JOHN BULL in all other matters is a condition on which entries are accepted and is legally binding on all entrants for this Crossword Competition.

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY

1.—Complete puzzle in ordinary ink, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil, cut out the whole entry form whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry-fee for one coupon (two squares) is SIXPENCE. For two coupons (four squares) send ONE SHILLING. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it / & Co. / ; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O. and fill in the number upon Entry Form; send Entry Form by post as directed, to reach us not later than Friday, July 10.

2.—In addition to two sixpenny entry forms from "John Bull" each entrant may submit TWO EXTRA SIXPENNY ENTRY FORMS provided these are taken from "John Bull's" free weekly *Crossword Gazette* or other announcement of this Competition. Thus each entrant is limited to 4 Entry Forms (8 squares in all), and Entry Fee of 2s.

Should any letter square be left blank, contain a letter which is not clear or altered, or not given in ink, the corresponding properly indicated letter on adjoining Entry-Square will be regarded as entrant's intended letter for both Entry-Squares. If entrant's answer cannot be so decided, Entry-square concerned will be disqualified as will any mutilated coupon.

No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered, or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

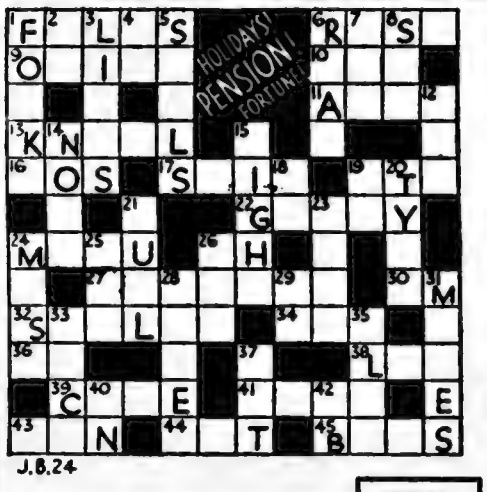
3.—Winner and winning Puzzle Square will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, July 23. Should any competitor not announced as a winner believe that he entered a coupon eligible for a share of the First Prize, he must demand a scrutiny by first post Tuesday, July 28, in accordance with the directions given with result, and enclosing £1 Scrutiny Fee. Any such scrutiny which may amend the result must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the Runners-up prize and Surprise Awards. Accordingly, entries are accepted only on condition that the result of our double adjudication establishing these winners is regarded as final. Merit is established according to the total number of Answers to Clues, both across and down, which agree with the winning Puzzle Square.

4.—Should First Prize be shared, £750 cash will be paid instead of the Three-in-One Award.

5.—Failure to comply with any of the Rules and Conditions involves disqualification.

6.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 24. Closing FRIDAY, JULY 10, 1936.



J.B.24

J.B.24

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the rules and conditions as final in all matters and I enclose

P.O. value..... No.....

ENTRY FEE for 2 Squares 6d.

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

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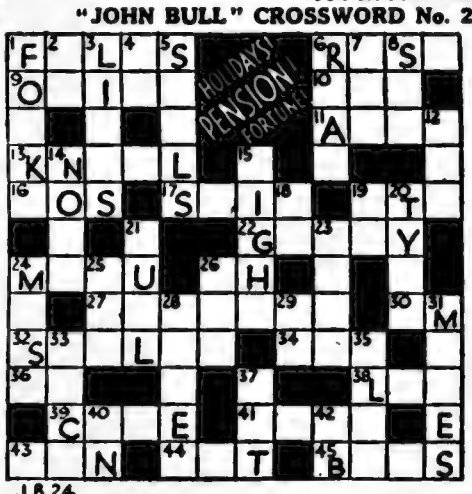
CUT ROUND THESE BROKEN LINES

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 24. Closing FRIDAY, JULY 10, 1936.



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In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the rules and conditions as final in all matters and I enclose

P.O. value..... No.....

ENTRY FEE for 4 Squares 1s.

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

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ADDRESS ENTRY: CROSSWORD NO. 24, "JOHN BULL," 57, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2. (Comp.).

The winning Puzzle Square and winners in Crossword No. 22 will be published in "John Bull" next week as announced.

CLUES ACROSS

1. Where letters are kept for reference
6. Bugbear to most housewives
9. Such oil is much used for salads
10. Nearly all here in interest
11. Insects that nest in heaps
13. Go on your knees
16. Most urgent call at sea
17. Making one means a row
19. In style and nasty
22. Adjective usually describing goat
24. Bill of fare
26. Noah without a negative
27. Rubber in this makes it stretch
30. Last half of poem
32. Odours
34. Manage economically
36. Middle of estate
38. In a row of houses you can easily tell one which is not this
39. Go to a good lawyer if this is what you want taken
41. Charity that ends qualms
43. Writer should have his own particular one
44. You expect to see one in a farmyard
45. There are papers which enable you to succeed with these

CLUES DOWN

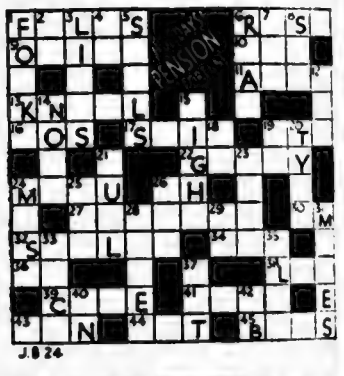
1. Old ones are often seen beat
2. Beginning and end of idyll
3. Unconventional ones of artists attract attention
4. How evening starts
5. Good gum does this easily
6. Do this carefully or you will miss something
7. This holds ashes and is in furnace
8. Place in Dorset
12. Secret Service agent
14. Copying this faithfully is most difficult
15. Look to this if necessary before crossing road
18. Half pill found in hospital
19. Both ends of Strand
20. Is often made of rubber
21. Moon often looks this to us
23. Bird that waddles and swims
24. Often found on ground in wood
25. This indicates maiden name
26. Twice in assassination
28. Change is faltering
29. This is that is, in short
31. Life is happiest when children are this
33. Cromwell called it a bauble
35. Otherwise
37. Mirror tells woman how she has put this on
40. Article seen in seance
42. Bit of amber in emblem

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZE: A special prize of £5 will be awarded to the Newsagent from whom this competition's First Prize winner usually purchases his copy of "JOHN BULL." Should the First Prize be shared, the £5 will be divided between sharers' Newsagents.

BONUS WINNERS IN CROSSWORD COMPETITION No. 20: One hundred and thirty-six of these winners qualified to share the £50 offered and payments of 7s. 5d. have been despatched.

COPY SQUARES

These are for copies only, not to be used as entries.



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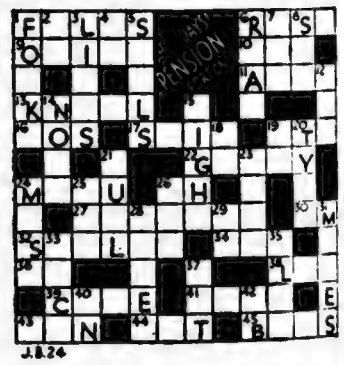

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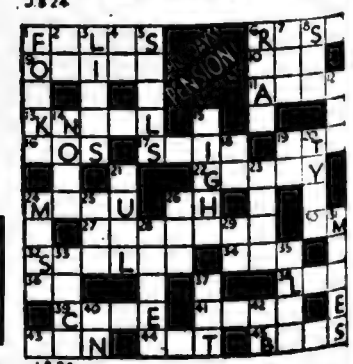

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A Book everyone ought to possess.

These medicines may be obtained from us, or from any chemist. If purchasing from chemist send receipt for medicines together with this coupon, and the book will be forwarded post free by return.
"John Bull." Book No. A209. *July, 1936.*

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Constipation, Biliousness, Sick Headache

PERIODICAL bilious attacks, constipation, sick headache and bowel indigestion indicate a sluggish liver, and for this nothing equals this pill. Take it with each meal and you will soon be better. This is a useful formula to keep in the house for family use. Get it now, and prove its worth. It is known as **Shadforth Prescription (No. 2,000).** Prices: 1/3 (100), 3/- (300 pills).
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Painful Nerve-sheath Inflammation

ALL nerve pains, including those of Neuralgia, Colds, Influenza, Headache, Sciatica, Neuritis, etc., are promptly relieved by "**Shadpro Compound,**" the new pain-killer **(No. 255).** This formula is non-purgative and does not upset the stomach. It quickly relieves pain and renders movement possible. It reduces inflammation and temperature and kills bacteria. Prices: 1/3 (25), 2/- (50), 2/6 (100 tablets).
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FOR all Uric Acid Troubles, including Rheumatic Gout, Rheumatoid Arthritis, Swollen Joint, and Acute Gout, a world-famed remedy is found in the "**Shadforth**" **Three-Fold Treatment (No. 76/T).** It promptly reduces swelling and inflammation; it allays pains and expels uric acid; it kills bacteria in the blood and makes movement a pleasure. The treatment is second to none for Acute Gout. Supplied with full directions at 2/6 and 5/6.
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Why those Disturbed Nights?

KIDNEY and Bladder troubles can be relieved. Quickly. Surely. Until you have tried "**Shadforters**" you may be enduring endless suffering from misery—mental as well as physical. There is not an ingredient in them that can do you the slightest harm. Cooling, cleansing, healing "**Shadforters**"—Prescription 285—have been the successful remedy for Cystitis, Prostatitis, Gravel, Gall Stones, Scalding and Associated Liver, Kidney, Uric Acid and Bladder troubles. Try them tonight. Prices: 2/6 (50), 4/6 (100), 12/- (300).
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WASH the feet well with hot water every night, using **Shadforth Formalin Soap (No. 940**—costs 1/-). Dry the feet and corns well with a rough towel and afterwards rub in a little Corn Salve **(No. 282)**—costs 7½d.)
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Thousands of sufferers from Acidity, Heartburn, Sour Stomach, Fermentative Dyspepsia, Gastric Catarrh, Wind or Flatulence, Fulness after Meals, and all forms of acid indigestion have been cured by the SHADFORTH ACIDITY PRESCRIPTION No. 1077.

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DO you know that operations on children for **Enlarged Tonsils** and **Adenoids** are now definitely out of date?

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The Shadforth Beauty Course

COMPRISES a special medicated Sulphur Soap, a Complexion Tonic Lotion for use after washing and the "Shadforth" Complexion Tonic Prescription in tablet form.

This constitutes the world's best triplex beauty treatment, and is supplied with full directions. It removes Acne or Blackheads, Pimples, Redness, Blemishes, and Sallow Complexion. The Beauty Parlour price of similar treatment runs from 2 to 5 guineas. Ask for **Shadforth Beauty Course (No. 402/T).** Prices 3/9 and 6/-.
Shadforth Beauty Pamphlet (J.B. 257). Free on request.

NEURASTHENIA

Absent-Mindedness, Loss of Memory, Debility, Depression, Lassitude

YOU can pull through. Depression, Brain-Fag, Loss of Memory, Debility and Neurasthenia are conditions and not diseases. Shadphos Tonic Tablets—act like magic. You are brighter in an hour and a new man in two days. A proved remedy. Prices: 1/9 (25), 3/3 (50), 6/- (100), and 17/- (300 tablets). **Prescription 470.**
Special Book dealing with Nerve Troubles (J.B. 323). Free on request.

HIGH BLOOD PRESSURE

AVOID Blood Pressure Breakdowns! Steady heart action co-ordinated with youth-like elastic arteries are now possible for those past their prime. The "Shadforth" Simple Home Treatment for Arterio-Sclerosis rapidly reduces high blood pressure and tension. It gives prompt relief from palpitation, giddiness, premonitions of collapse and sleeplessness; it leads to restoration, and makes you 20 years younger within 20 days. **Get it now (Prescription No. 1108/T.).** Prices: 2/6, 5/6, 18/6.
Descriptive Book (J.B. 296). Free on request.

HEALTHY BLOOD

100 p.c. Purity. 100 p.c. Vitality

HERE is the Shadforth known, admitted and approved remedy for blood troubles. It eliminates rheumatic tendencies and soothes painful parts. It heals ulcers, sores, boils, eczema, and skin disfigurements. It renews the blood, and blood is life. Ask for **Shadforth Blood Purifying Tablets (No. 1282).** Prices: 2/6, 4/6 and 13/-.

ARTIFICIAL TEETH

KEPT CLEAN

with **Shadforth Special Tooth Powder,** prepared specially for that purpose. Recommended by Dental Specialists. (Prescription No. **894**), at 1/1.
The Shadforth Booklet relating to the subject (J.B. 276). Free on request.

False Teeth Hold Fast

all day long when you sprinkle on Shadforth's Dental Plate Powder (Prescription No. **894A**)—they fit snugly—comfortably—they cannot slip. Prescribed by world's leading dentists. Price: 9d. and 1/6 per box.

SPECIAL HEART & NERVE TONIC

Prescription that gives Relief in Warm Weather

DON'T be alarmed because you suffer from symptoms of palpitation or pain near the heart. It may be indigestion or overstrung nerves. **Shadforth Tonic No. 632** (known as "Blue Lion" Fox Nuts) will strengthen the nerves, steady the heart, and tone up stomach and kidneys. Don't imagine yourself into an illness; have a good rest, take the prescription, and be normal in a few days. Ask for **Shadforth Prescription No. 632.** Prices: 2/6 (72), 4/6 (144), 13/- (432 pills). This prescription prevents palpitation, faintness, tremblings, run-down conditions, and stops your falling to pieces feeling. Can be taken alternately with No. 470. (See above.)
Special Book on Heart Troubles (J.B. 320). Post free on request.

WOMAN'S MIDDLE LIFE TONIC

JUST the thing to get you through those difficult years and re-establish your health. A gentle tonic for stomach, heart, nerves and blood—exactly what your doctor gives you. Does not purge or constipate. Improves appetite and complexion. Removes depression and languor. Gives courage, hope and a new lease of life. Also the best tonic for anæmic girls and nursing or expectant mothers. Ask for **Shadforth Prescription No. 2057**—the critical time tonic. In boxes at 2/6 (72), 4/6 (144), and 13/- (432 pills).

HÆMORRHOIDS

Quick Relief and Comfort

THIS Tonic Laxative prescription quickly relieves and soothes Piles, Constipation, Sluggish Liver and Atonic Dyspepsia. It ensures regular bowel movements, improves nerves and increases energy. Why endure the misery of Piles any longer? **Ask for Shadforth Complete Fourfold Pile Treatment No. 396/DB.** Price 7/6.
Descriptive Booklet (No. J.B. 325) sent free on request.

"SHADSHINE"—The Young Folks TONIC

THIS is a scientific substitute for sunshine which doctors prescribe for anæmia, St. Vitus' Dance, weakness, malnutrition, rickets and threatened tuberculosis.

This prescription contains Vitamins (chlorophyll, yeast, bone marrow, etc.). The chlorophyll (termed "bottled sunshine") makes red blood corpuscles.
Prescription 1082. Prices: 1/9 (50), 2/6 (72), 4/6 (144).

NEVERILL OLD SALTS

A Spoonful a day keeps the Doctor Away

THE best morning Saline for Biliousness, Constipation, Disordered Stomach, Sluggish Liver, Gout, Rheumatism, Feverishness, Obesity, etc. Drink it **first thing every morning.** Tasteless with your tea. Prices, post free: In air-tight canisters, 3d., 6d. and 1/-.

NASAL CATARRH

NASAL Catarrh is often the first stage of Bronchitis, Cold on the Chest, Pneumonia, Chronic Winter Cough, Tonsilitis, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, Ear, Chest and Lung Diseases. The **Shadforth Triplex Catarrh Treatment (No. 331/T)** acts like a charm. Considering its efficacy and how often it will save one from being "laid-up" for days and weeks, the cost of this world-famed and reliable remedy is very small. Recommended by Specialists the world over. Prices: 2/6, 4/6 and 8/6.
The Shadforth Book on Catarrh Treatment (J.B. 321). Free on request.

SHADFORTH

PRESCRIPTION SERVICE, Ltd., Dispensing Chemists (Dept.J.B.55), 46, KING WILLIAM ST., LONDON BRIDGE, E.C.4 and Branches.

"Shadforth" famous Prescriptions may also be obtained from Boots, Timothy White's & Taylor's, and your Local or Leading Chemist who will either hold stocks or will gladly obtain on request.

The prescriptions published on this page are not intended to usurp the function and rightful position of the registered medical practitioner.

YOUR AMAZING VOYAGE IN s.s. "FRANCONIA"

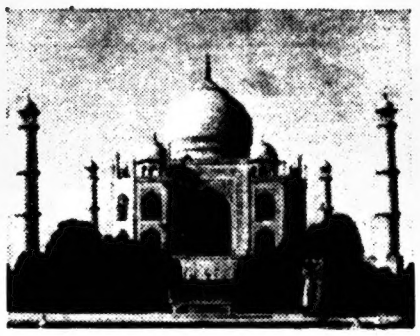
Southampton—Havre—New York—Trinidad—Rio De Janeiro—St. Helena—Cape Town—Durban—Madagascar—Seychelles—Bombay—Colombo—Penang—Singapore—Bangkok—Java—Bali—Philippine Islands—Hong Kong—Shanghai—Kobe—Yokohama—Honolulu—California (visiting Hollywood)—Panama Canal—New York and so home to Southampton again.

WINNER, WITH WIFE OR HUSBAND, MAY BE ACCOMPANIED BY TWO CHILDREN UNDER 10, OR ONE OF 10 OR OVER.

RECORD WORLD CRUISE PRIZE WITH FORTUNE AND LIFE INCOME

NOW comes the moment when, if you have not already completed your World Cruise *Bullets*, you *must* make a start on your efforts. Here in these pages is your one last colossal opportunity to win wealth and lifelong independence—and take your family round the world in millionaire luxury to celebrate your success.

On Friday, July 24, some entrant is going to receive a dramatic Joy Wire with JOHN BULL's congratulations on capturing that Record World Cruise First Prize. Imagine for a moment that you are that successful "Bulleteer."



A few days later, if you have decided to accept the huge 3-in-1 World Cruise award rather than the alternative Fortune and Family Trip to New York, a cheque for £1,000 will arrive.

On the following Saturday morning you will receive your first £6 Weekly Pension cheque from JOHN BULL—and on every Saturday, as long as you live, you will receive a similar substantial payment. Then, later in the year, will come the biggest moment in your life. You will set out on a Record Family World Cruise of more than 40,000 miles in the beautiful s.s. *Franconia*—wealthy and without a care in the world, you will leave on the Great Adventure.

Already one *Bullets* family has circled the globe at JOHN BULL's expense. The picture you see here of the famous Taj Mahal at Agra was taken by Mr. C. H. Turner, Woodthorpe, Nottingham, when accompanying his wife on the World Cruise which she won in our 942nd Contest, together with £1,000 and £5 Weekly Life Pension. And now another fortune, a still greater Life Pension and even more marvellous World Cruise are waiting for some entrant in this year's sensational Midsummer Offer!

The attractions of *Bullets* Record World Cruise Offer include the novel £10 Holiday Bonus Coupon on the opposite page and you will see that, by entering two extra World Cruise *Bullets* free, you qualify for the addition of this splendid cash Bonus to any "printed" prize you may win in this Offer or any of our five successive Contests.

Never before have a few summer days for making *Bullets* held such a series of glittering prize opportunities. Get busy on your efforts this evening, see that they are in by Saturday, July 11—and that Record World Cruise First Prize may well be your gigantic reward.

HERE ARE THE SIMPLE RULES—READ THEM CAREFULLY

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best Bullet received and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed /& Co./. Entrant's name, address and date of posting must be written on back of postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families are not eligible.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,032

First Prize, £600, plus Seaside Holiday Week as Announced:
W. H. GOWING, 10, Jaffray Road, Erdington, Birmingham.
Example: QUIET COVE
Bullet: ENGLISHMAN—BUT TRY SILENCING!

SECOND PRIZE, £50:

H. H. MEASOM, 98, Barriedale, London, S.E.
Example: Mrs. Grundy
Bullet: Won't "Cover" Resort's Losses!
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

THIRD PRIZE, £25:

H. R. JOINT, 215, Forton Road, Gosport, Hants.
Example: First Home
Bullet: With "Old Sticks," Disappointing.

OTHER PRIZES:

£20: P. J. HARDY, 166, Queen's Drive, Liverpool.
Black—Times Are—Tie Mars!

£15: A. RUSSELL, 126, Clepington Road, Dundee.
Man Of The Moment—Dictator—Mankind of Moment?

£10: T. S. FEAKINS, 31, Hambrough Road, Southall.
On The Sands—Resting "Bones," Becoming "Niggers."

£9 10s.: C. B. HOWDILL, 30, Hanover Square, Leeds.
Black—Patch, Marking Italians' "Picnic."
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

£9: V. MACE, High Street, Moreton-in-Marsh, Glos.
Hope—"Born," Becomes "Doctor" Immediately.

£8 10s.: Mrs. A. THORPE, c/o Miss Nield, 23, Seymour Street, Manchester.
Mrs. Grundy—"Foe" *Guarding* Our Shores.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

£8: J. LOFTUS, 13, Charles Street, Tunstall, Stoke-on-Trent.
On The Sands—"Builders"—On Horizon, "Destroyers."

£7 10s.: E. A. ROSSELL, 101, Wilford Road, Ruddington, Notts.
On Landing—"Iceberg"—On Stairs, "Wreck."

£7: J. P. BRANDON, 1, Railway Cottages, Grangetown, Sunderland.
Father's Batting, So—Saunters In—Centres—Out!
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

£6 10s.: F. W. BEALL, 54, Brunswick Street, Leicester.
In Flames—Garden, Repaying My "Stoking."

£6: A. F. BURCHELL, 24, Langham Gardens, Edgware.
On The Sands—"Parked" After Year's "Drive."

£5 10s.: V. A. NEGUS, 47, Folkestone Road, Walthamstow, E.
Photographs—"Captures" Keeping Time "Prisoner."

£5: C. J. HARTLEY, 99, Haig Avenue, Southport.
Angry Farmer—Relented—Camper Photographed Pig!

£4 10s.: W. C. HILL, 50, Beechwood Avenue, South Harrow.
Mrs. Grundy—Back Number—"Backless" Numberless.

£4: J. JACKSON, 138, Court Hill Road, Lewisham, S.E.
That Rascal Cupid—"Attendant" Who Pays Cinema.

£3 10s.: F. E. SWALLOW, "Conway," New Mill, Nr. Huddersfield.
Landlady's View—Extensive—*Tiles* And *Tiles!*
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

£3: A. PALMER, 9, Elliman Avenue, Slough, Bucks.
Gets Us Nowhere—"Let's Go Somewhere!" Nightly.

£2 10s.: Mrs. THREADGOLD, 153, Wellington Road, Enfield.
Back To Front—Hoare—Mind Tommy Isn't!

Each of the above winners up to £50 will also receive a Holiday Bonus value over £2 10s. as will 30 winners of 30s. A list of these, together with 500 2s. 6d. winners, can be seen at the offices of "John Bull."

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques of £10, £3 and £2 respectively will be paid to the newsagents from whom the chief winners in "Bullets" No. 1,035 usually purchase "John Bull."
The original cheque for £500 awarded to the First Prize-winner in Competition No. 1,031 will be displayed in the window of Mr. H. Marsden, 92, Allerton Road, Liverpool.

READ THE THRILLING WORLD CRUISE STORY OF A "FRANCONIA" TRAVELLER ON PAGES 8 and 9

FORTUNE and huge PENSION FOR 2, 3 OR 4 WORDS

Closing Sat. July 11

£200	£100	£50
£25	£20	£18 £16 £14
£12	£10	£9.10 £9 £8.10 £8
£7.10	£7	£6.10 £6 £5.10 £5

£10 HOLIDAY BONUS TO EVERY PRIZE-WINNER AS ANNOUNCED BELOW WHO USES GIFT COUPON PROVIDED

80 of £2.10 each

500 OF 2/6

4,000 "DOUBLE—STAR TARGETS"

8,000 "STAR TARGETS"

100 OTHER BIG CHEQUES AND OVER **£1,250** OFFERED IN £10 HOLIDAY BONUSES

OR £3,000 CASH FAMILY TRIP TO NEW YORK AND BACK BY S.S. QUEEN MARY

HOW TO MAKE THAT WORLD CRUISE "BULLET"

IT is well within your powers to turn out a *Bullet* worthy of the stupendous 3-in-1 First Prize now waiting to be won if you tackle your fascinating job in a common-sense way. With paper and pencil handy, read slowly through the list of 48 interesting *Examples* provided below. Then take each *Example* in turn and write down those which appeal to you most.

Next jot down opposite each of your selected *Examples* all the rough ideas it suggests to your mind. There you have the rough material from which to build your efforts. These first jottings may appear to you crude and even obvious: never mind, for by spending a few minutes juggling with words you can express a simple home-truth in the form of a sparkling *Bullet*. A *Bullet*, remember, must consist of TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment, neatly linked to the chosen *Example*. Your next step, therefore, is to condense and polish these rough ideas into finished *Bullets*.

For instance, against the *Example*, KEEPING STRAIGHT, your rough note might be, *Since He Gave Up Drink*. This you could easily shorten and improve to the finished *Bullet*, KEEPING STRAIGHT—THANKS TO ABANDONING "CORKSCREW."

Before starting on your own efforts, you will be wise to study the good points of the big winners in *Bullets* 1,032nd Contest which appear on the opposite page.

Then start on your own efforts, remembering that this memorable Offer is now in its closing stage and every moment is precious if you are to place that Record World Cruise *Bullet* in the judges' hands by Saturday, July 11.

Add 2, 3 or 4 words to any "Example"

COME ALONG BALDWIN
TO SAVE THE LEAGUE
NATURE'S WEALTH
WAR'S HARVEST
ARMAMENTS KING
JOURNEY'S END
FOR THE MILLION
LEFT AT HOME
"WHAT A PITY!"
MOTHER'S PRECIOUS
IN THE VAN
PLAIN ENOUGH
HEARD ON THE CRUISE
THANKS TO FATHER
THE CULPRIT
BEFORE THE BOSS
OUR LOT
DEMOCRACY
VAIN SEARCH
LIVES
LED ASTRAY
DISTINCTLY
KNOWING
GOOD WORK
GRANNY SAYS
SHOOTING
WEAK LINK
EMPTY TILL
MARKED MAN
THE WEATHER
SCANDALOUS
KEPT IN
MEMORABLE OCCASION
SKELETON AT THE FEAST
BROUGHT THE HOUSE DOWN
MY WORLDLY GOODS
MAKING HASTE
SHE'S IN LOVE, SO
SOUND OF THE SIREN
FEATHERING HIS NEST
WHEN AUNTIE WENT CAMPING
KEEPING STRAIGHT
LASH OF CRITICISM
SHOWED HE WAS LYING
WORTH MORE
TO UNTIE THE KNOT
NOW SONNY'S AT SCHOOL
FITTING PUNISHMENT

OVER £1,250 EXTRA OFFERED IN HOLIDAY BONUSES!

The Free Bonus Coupon on this page, entered in accordance with instructions upon it, qualifies user to receive £10 extra with any published prize won in same name and address in "Bullets" No. 1,033, 1,034, 1,037, 1,038, 1,039 and 1,040.

ACCEPT 48 FREE PAGES of help with "BULLETS" and "JOHN BULL'S" CROSSWORDS

USE THIS COUPON

YOU ARE INVITED TO

ENCLOSE THIS COUPON

WITH YOUR "BULLETS" OR "JOHN BULL'S" CROSSWORD

Please register me for six weeks' free supply of "Bullets Bulletin" and "Crossword Gazette." I have affixed 1½d. in stamps to this coupon for postage.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

Affix 1½d. stamp here

Affix 1½d. stamp here

Should you wish to use other than the coupons on hand, you can apply for free issues of "Bullets Bulletin" on plain paper.

£10 FREE

HOLIDAY BONUS COUPON

I ENCLOSE 4 OR MORE FULLY PAID OR PRIZE coupons all bearing same name and address as below. Please register me for a £10 CASH HOLIDAY BONUS with Prize for any published Bullet of mine in prize-list for "Bullets" No. 1035, 1036, 1037, 1038, 1039, and 1040.

USE OF THIS COUPON AUTOMATICALLY REGISTERS YOU FOR BONUS

Example .....
Bullet .....

Example .....
Bullet .....

I agree to Bonus Conditions as announced, and rules ... Bullets 1035

Signed .....
Address .....

EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....

(1,035) Closing SAT., July 11.

P.O. No. .....

I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on opposite page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d.

Signed .....
Address .....

Enter name and full address on each coupon.

EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....

(1,035) Closing SAT., July 11.

P.O. No. .....

I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on opposite page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s.

Signed .....
Address .....

EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....

(1,035) Closing SAT., July 11.

P.O. No. .....

I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on opposite page. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d.

Signed .....
Address .....

Cut out each coupon separately.

EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....

(1,035) Closing SAT., July 11.

P.O. No. .....

I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on opposite page. With 4 Coupons send P.O. for 2s.

Signed .....
Address .....

If you wish to enter further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

ENTRY-FEE.—You must enclose a Postal Order with your entry at the rate of 6d for each coupon submitted. This should be made payable to "John Bull" and crossed "& Co." Remember that £10 Bonus Coupon can be sent with four paid-entry or Prize coupons.

Address Entry: "Bullets" No. 1,035, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

Read What Users of Elasto Say—

"No sign of varicose veins now."
"All signs of phlebitis gone."
"I was suffering from mitral disease and dare not exert myself in any way, but now, thanks to Elasto, my heart is quite sound again."
"My Doctor highly praises Elasto."
"Now walk long distances with ease."
"Elasto has cured my bad legs."
"Elasto tones up the system and cures depression."
"As soon as I started taking Elasto I could go about my work in comfort, no pain whatever."
"Varicose veins quickly cured after 12 years of useless bandaging."
"Rheumatoid arthritis gone. I have never felt better."
"Had rheumatism so badly I could hardly walk, but Elasto cured me."
"The stinging sensations I used to get in my left arm and leg (arterio-sclerosis) are quite gone and my general health is much improved."
"Now free from piles."
"Suffered for years from a weak heart, but Elasto cured me."
"Completely cured my varicose ulcers."
"I am now free from pain."
"My skin is as soft as velvet, thanks to Elasto." Etc.

ELASTO THE COMMON-SENSE REMEDY.

In all diseased conditions, no matter what the ailment may be, the blood stream is at fault, and no treatment can give lasting results if this all-important fact is overlooked. Keep the blood free-running, like a deep fast-flowing river, enrich it with the necessary elements for cell-building and for the removal of toxic and acid waste materials, and health *must* result. This is precisely what Elasto is designed to do; it is actually what Elasto does, surely and effectively, by a method new to curative science. *No drugs; no adhesive bandages; Elasto Cures Through the Blood!*

Not a Drug, But a Vital Cell-Food.

Elasto
REGISTERED

For the Veins, Arteries and Heart

A Good Circulation is the Real Basis of Health!

NO ailment resulting from poor or sluggish circulation of the blood can resist the curative action of Elasto. Varicose veins are forgotten and soon disappear, the heart becomes steady, the arteries supple, skin troubles clear up, old wounds become clean and healthy and quickly heal, swellings go down, inflammation and irritation are soothed, rheumatism simply fades away and the whole system is braced and strengthened. This is not magic, *although the relief does seem magical*; it is the natural result of revitalised blood and improved circulation brought about by Elasto.

Elasto Cures Through the Blood!

Elasto is something new to curative science, it dispenses entirely with the use of drugs; it is based on the knowledge that muscular weakness, varicose veins, bad leg, rheumatism, hardened arteries, heart weakness—to name but a few of the many ailments associated with bad circulation—*are deficiency diseases*; that in all such conditions there is a lack of certain *vital constituents of the blood.* Owing to this lack the body is unable to build up the elastic tissue needed to maintain the vein and artery walls and the membranes in a healthy condition and a state of flabbiness results. Elasto restores to the blood the vital elements which combine with albumin to form elastic tissue and thus enables *Nature* to restore elasticity to the relaxed and devitalised fabric of veins, arteries and heart, and so to re-establish normal circulation; *the real basis of sound health.*

Elasto Will Save You Pounds!

Every sufferer should know of this wonderful Biological Remedy which quickly brings ease and comfort and creates within the system a new health force; stimulating the growth of new healthy tissue-cells to replace worn-out and diseased tissues, increasing vitality and bringing into full activity Nature's own laws of healing. Elasto is prepared in tiny tablets; *it dissolves instantly* on the tongue, and it is absorbed directly into the blood stream, thereby actually restoring the natural power of healing to the blood! *Elasto does not enter the stomach; it cures through the blood.* That explains why Elasto succeeds where ordinary treatments have failed. It also explains why Elasto gives results for a few shillings where formerly pounds have been spent to no purpose. For the outlay of a few shillings you can now enjoy the tremendous advantages of this modern scientific remedy which has cost thousands of pounds to perfect.

Take Elasto for:-

Varicose Veins, Varicose Ulcers, Eczema, Psoriasis, Phlebitis, Thrombosis, Anæmia, Bad Circulation, Muscular Weakness, Heart Troubles, Swollen Legs, Inflamed Wounds, Gout, Rheumatism, Neuritis, and all these troubles generally known as bad leg. Piles, Prolapsus, Varicocele, Hardened Arteries (Arterio-Sclerosis), Arthritis, Sciatica, Lumbago and all relaxed conditions, no matter where they occur.

For All "John Bull" Readers

FREE

A Generous Sample of this Wonder Remedy

SIMPLY fill in the Coupon below for a Free Sample and a Special Free Booklet fully explaining Elasto, the New Biological Remedy. These, together with copies of recent testimonials, we will gladly send privately, post free. Don't lose another moment! Write for these to-day—NOW, while you think of it! Or send 5s. for a whole month's supply (in plain wrapper) and see for yourself what a wonderful difference Elasto makes!!

This offer is too good to be missed! ★

The NEW ERA TREATMENT Co., Ltd.
(Dept. 15.D), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

Not Magic—Just Logic!

ELASTO corrects all Circulatory Disorders, because it restores muscular tone to the Heart and contractility to Veins and Arteries, making them as healthy and as sound as ever. It is prepared in tiny tablets which dissolve instantly on the tongue and it is absorbed directly into the blood stream, thereby actually restoring the natural power of healing to the blood! Elasto is not a drug but a vital cell-food which MUST be present in the blood to ensure complete health. In the blood it becomes immediately active, stimulating the growth of new healthy tissue-cells to replace worn-out and disease-damaged tissues.

There are no Substitutes for Elasto! Beware of Imitations!

COUPON for Free Trial Sample of Elasto
The Great Blood Revitaliser ★

THE NEW ERA TREATMENT CO., Ltd.
(Dept. 15.D), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

Please send me Free Sample and Special Free Booklet, "The Story of Elasto," fully explaining how Elasto, *The Great Blood Revitaliser*, cures through the blood.

NAME .....
(*Please Print in Capital Letters.*)

ADDRESS .....

"John Bull," 4/7/36. .....

Elasto will save you pounds!

215 B 26

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A187